

PHŒBE KISSAGEN

OR THE

REMARKABLE ADVENTURES, SCHEMES

WILES AND DEVILRIES

OF

UNE MAQUERELLE

BEING A SEQUEL TO

“ THE NEW EPICUREAN ”

SIR TOBY. — « Do'st think that
because thou art virtuous, there
shall be no more cakes and ale ? »

CLOWN. — « Yes! by St. Anne,
and ginger shall be hot i'the
mouth, too! »

Twelfth Night, or What you will.

LONDON, 1743 (Reprinted 1875.)

23

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PHOEBE KISSAGEN.

LETTER I.

Which being introductory, will not prove very
interesting to the reader.

TO LADY G..... R.

MADAM,

Your billet came safe to hand, and I feel much
honoured by your ladyship's commands, which, as
in duty bound, I shall obey to the best of my poor
ability. You express surprise, my lady, that I
should be so expert with my pen; perhaps your
ladyship is not aware that Sir Charles took a deal
of trouble with my education; being naturally of
weak parts, I profited by the instruction of the good
gentleman. Then his conversation was always
useful to me, for he could talk history wonderfully,
I devoutly believe, knew by heart every particu-
lar of all the amours of our kings and queens
in the days of Guinevere, the fair, frail spouse

of King Arthur; but what most delighted him were the witty memoirs of the Comte de Grammont, in which a full account is given of the voluptuous Court of Charles II. So it came to pass that what with hearing him read out of that book, and tell anecdotes he had read elsewhere, I gained an insight to men and manners, and, as courtesy and politeness are the same in every age, I learnt the meaning of those qualities, and also gained some knowledge of taste.

But while I have been running on about myself, your ladyship is doubtless dying with impatience to have your letter answered.

I am requested to tell your ladyship all I can concerning poor Sir Charles' (1) last moments—a melancholy subject, madam, which I would fain not have alluded to. Ah! my lady, what a gallant gentleman he was!

After our retreat into Herefordshire (which your ladyship may remember, was in consequence of that unfortunate duel, and lady Cecilia's elopement), my master never seemed the same man at all. Whether his wound was the cause, or what it was I cannot say, but he seemed to grow old and peevish, as it were, all at once; and although he survived that event seventeen years, and for five of them had Miss Medley, besides Chloe and myself, for his mis-

(1) This personage, the hero of the *New Epicure*, is supposed to have been the notorious Colonel Chartres, immortalised by Hogarth in the first plate of the *Harlots Progress*. The redoubtable Colonel took his trial at the Old Bailey for a rape in 1735, and only escaped the halter by the address of his counsel. — ED.

tresses, and continued very fond of toying with us, seeing us naked, gamahuching, and the like, he never performed the act of love with that vigour which formerly characterised him. He would sit by the window, looking dreamily out into the noble park which surrounds S. . . . n Hall, listening to the melancholy rustling of the trees, for hours.

Your ladyship knows what a singular penchant Sir Charles had for young girls; this taste of his grew upon him largely. He cared no longer for girls of twelve or thirteen, nothing would do then, but we must furnish him with pretty children, mere babies of six or seven. These little girls it was his delight to gamahuche, and at length he became impotent unless one or two of them were present when he desired our company, upon which Miss Medley, Chloe, and I made very sad reflections.

At length one evening — well do I remember it — the 3rd of December, Sir Charles sent for me to his chamber.

"Phoebe," says he, "I feel quite myself this evening, and am resolved to dress; go, child, and tell cook to let us have a good supper, — a roasted pheasant, or something of that sort. Here are my keys; get out some wine from No 8 bin; mind, with the green seal. Damme, we'll make a night of it."

I obeyed his orders, and then returned to the dressing-room. Sir Charles was gay and merry; already he had donned his best wig and ruffled shirt; his rich embroidered suit, the one made for him by Rivierre, of Paris, and which he had not worn for an age, lay on a chair near him.

The good gentleman was full of fun, and took all sorts of liberties with me while I helped him to

dress, which you may be sure pleased me mightily, as they proved what excellent spirits he was in.

Going down at length into the long drawing-room, where a large fire burned brightly upon the hearth, he rang for Chloe and the little girls, with whom he amused himself till supper was ready, telling with great glee many of his old droll stories and double entendres; in short, he outdid himself by the brilliancy of his conversation, and the sparkle of his wit. I quite regretted Mrs. Jackson (Miss Medley as used to be) was not present.

When supper was ready, he did the honours with his usual grace, drank bumper after bumper of Burgundy, and enjoyed himself as I had not seen him do for many a long year.

Supper over and the door fastened, the real fun of the evening commenced. Nothing would do but he must display before us some of his former vigour. So, calling upon Chloe (who I must acquaint your ladyship, has grown up into a very fine woman) to kneel upon the sofa, he tossed up her clothes, and displayed to view her large, white dimpled posterior, beneath which might now be seen that no longer hairless cleft, the sweet sign of her sex, a rosy portal, which stood partly open to receive his wand.

While I was expecting the young girls to be called forward to gamahuche him, to the surprise of us all, Sir Charles undid his flap, and displayed his truncheon, hard and erect in all the pride of its former days. So without more ado, he caught a good hold of Chloe round the hips, and was into her in a minute. She, nothing loath, received him with a hearty welcome, and began to wriggle and twist in good style. In about ten minutes Sir Charles

had done the trick, and lay upon her firm breasts, panting with delight.

When he had a little recovered himself, and had a glass of wine, he took the two little naked girls, placed one astride his pego, while he gamahuched the other. Then, being again ready for action, he led me to the sofa, and telling me to lie upon my back, commenced upon me quite en regle, Chloe, and the children skilfully manipulating meanwhile.

Nothing could exceed the furore with which he played his part, covering my face, neck, and breasts with kisses.

Suddenly a tremor seized him, he spent, and lay prone upon me like a log! Why was he so heavy? What meant that glassy stare? Oh, horror! — I lay joined to a corpse! Sir Charles was dead!

So soon as I became aware of this terrific fact, I struggled from under the body, and rising up, saw with feelings I can never forget, the awe-inspired countenances of my companions.

But my usual presence of mind came to my aid. I re-adjusted his dress, and laid the body gently on its back on the sofa, which bore the evidences of loved highest raptures.

How suitable a bier for the man! Alas! poor Sir Charles! I sent the children, under the care of Chloe, to bed. I put the room a little in order, and then, but not till then, did I pull violently at the bell, and summon the servants.

Three or four came running in.

« Quick! » said I, run and fetch the doctor, you will find him at the Rectory, I heard him say he was going to have a rubber with the parson this evening. Run! Sir Charles is in a fit!

They disappeared like lightning, for all his servants loved him, and I, yes, I was left alone with the corpse. Yes, there it lay in its embroidered suit, the waxy fingers glistening with gems, and the diamond shoe buckles flashing light. So still! Could this be the gallant Sir Charles? I could stand it no longer, and fairly blubbered like a child, for let me tell your ladyship, I truly loved that man.

In an incredibly short space of time, the doctor arrived, and he told me at once what I had previously understood — his old friend and benefactor was dead.

There was an inquest, when the jury returned the verdict: "Died by the visitation of God," which for my part, I consider very ridiculous, as the doctor told those wiseacres that it was disease of the heart.

* *

After the funeral, we received a visit from the lawyer of Sir Charles, who informed Chloe and myself very politely that three thousand pounds each had been bequeathed to us. He added that the heir would be down next day, and he thought we should see the propriety of leaving the Hall before his arrival, and he hoped we should take the children with us, as no provision appeared to have been made for them.

To these propositions we consented, and left that same night. Three days afterwards we were in London.

We found comfortable lodgings in a street over against St. Martin's Church, at Charing Cross, and I at once gave Chloe her cue. I was to pass for a widow, whose husband, a ship captain, had been

drowned three years before. Chloe was my sister, the little girls my children. With this view, I told them they were always to call me mamma, and Chloe aunt. Poor innocents! they had no recollection of a mother, having both been kidnapped by gipsies, from whom I bought them for Sir Charles, nor have I the least idea of the condition of life from which they had been removed.

Having thus cleared the ground, we were prepared with a ready tale, when the next morning our officious landlady with the curiosity of her class, began, while setting the breakfast things, to put the usual pumping questions.

That good woman having forced out, as she thought, all she wanted to know, and seeing our purses were well filled, left us at length with a profusion of courtesies.

In the course of the morning, sending for a coach, and taking the children with us, we set off for the Temple.

In Pump Court lived a young member of the bar, a Mr. Randall, whom we were well acquainted with, from his having been a frequent visitor at the Hall in the shooting season.

This young spark was our very good friend — perhaps something more, and to him we proposed to apply as to the best means of investing our legacies.

We found our young Templar up three pair of stairs, in a very cheerful chamber. He received us in his robe-de-chambre, and with many apologies for the disorder of his rooms, set chairs and desired us to be seated.

As your ladyship has possibly never been in the

Temple, a description of this young gentleman's chambers may amuse you.

The apartment in which we found ourselves was spacious, and well panelled with good oak wainscot, lighted by two casement windows which looked into the stone-paved court, in the centre of which stands a big pump, from which I suppose it derives its name. A large maple table, six massive chairs covered in sadly faded and worn velvet, a cabinet, and a rickety sideboard, comprised the furniture.

Over the chimney piece was what had once been a superb Venetian mirror, in a gilt frame, with sconces for lights; but now, all cracked and clouded, the gilding tarnished, it presented a sad picture of departed glory.

On the walls hung fencing foils and masks, boxing gloves, prints representing favorite racehorses, pugilists, and so on. Mixed up with the remains of breakfast, lay the remnants of last night's debauch; a smashed punch bowl, wine glasses, pieces of pipes, lemons, etc.

On the sideboard were numerous bottles, full and empty, and the whole room was reeking with the odour of stale tobacco smoke, wine, and strong waters.

To complete the scene, so strange to our eyes, in a corner lay our young gallant's sword, thrust through the belt, instead of into the scabbard, his wig, a watchman's lantern, a staff, a woman's cap, and a garter! — the latter most probably the spoils of some affray in which the madcap had been engaged the night before, when he had beaten the watch.

A door on one side of the chamber I presumed to open into the bed room; but as there was no saying whether it might not contain some fair creature, your ladyship may be sure I was not so indiscreet as to put any impertinent question.

Mr Randall, having first picked up his wig, which he tossed carelessly on his head, turned to me and inquired, —

"What happy circumstance am I indebted to for the honour of a visit?"

I briefly told him I had called to request his advice as to the best way of investing our money.

"And so," said Mr Randall, crossing his legs, and producing a handsome snuff box, which he opened with one hand after the last mode and presented to me, and then took a large pinch, "so that dear old sinner is defunct?"

I nodded.

"Strange," he continued, "that I should not have heard of his death; but, gad, Herefordshire is a deuce of a way off. He was a capital fellow, was Sir Charles, but a very devil for the girls. Well, well, we must all die some day, I suppose, damme! And now, my dear creatures, what can I do for you? I cannot marry you both, but will take whichever of you will have me."

He stopped a second, and receiving no reply, continued. —

"But, damme, all this time you are wanting to learn how to invest your money? Three thousand pounds each! By Jove, that was devilish handsome of the old boy, though, wasn't it? Well, let me see, there's (counting on his fingers) — 1, Long Annuities; 2, Consols; 3, Indian Bonds; 4, South

Sea (thats a bubble, mind my words, a bubble, not bubbly, my dear, " the wag added aside and turning to Chloe, " I did not say bubbly, but a bubble — a bubble, my dear creatures, that will burst); 5, There's Government Securities — Stop, I have it, " he continued; " there is a capital house to be sold in Leicester Fields; it is freehold, well built, and handsomely fitted up; a night house, where all the bloods (1) about town go, to get rid of their money. Old Mother H. — has made a fortune there in five years, and is now retiring from business. She will want, let me see, I should say a thousand for the goodwill, and five hundred more for the furniture — a capital spec! The price of the freehold is two thousand, so that you may have the whole thing out and out for a cool seventeen hundred and fifty pounds each, if you two go halves. That is little more than half your money and with the rest you can buy an Annuity, my darlings. "

As, notwithstanding all his madcap ways, we knew Mr Randall to be a shrewd, clever man of the world, and of undoubted probity, I felt strongly inclined to agree; but Chloe, more cautious, proposed that we should think it all over, and so we left.

To cut the matter short, I may as well tell your ladyship that a few days afterwards we again saw our friend, and told him we had decided to follow his advice; and now I am mistress of the most patrician house of pleasure in the metropolis frequented as it is by nearly all the quality.

(1) Swells.

But really this letter has already been much too long, so with my humble duty to your ladyship, I remain, madam,

Your servant to command,

PHOEBE KISSAGEN.

LETTER II.

In which the reader is initiated in some of the mysteries practised in a modern temple of Venus.

Now strip my children, now at once leap in,
And see who best can dash through thick and thin.

Pope.

TO LADY MARY MONTAGUE.

MADAM,

I am vastly obliged to your good ladyship for all your kind inquiries. I am happy to say that, thank the Lord, my new place of business is thriving nicely and while I can maintain my company select, and my girls in good health, all will go on well.

As my customers are all gentlemen of the first quality, I can fit your ladyship to a hair with a gal-

lant, whenever you like to honour Leicester Field with a visit; mine is the corner house at the south end; but be pleased, madam, to give me a day's notice, to give time for a few necessary inquiries.

You desire me, my lady, to give you a relation of our doings here, in the rogering line, and I'll use my endeavours to please your ladyship, which I can the more readily do, as both Chloe and self have peepholes to all the rooms of our wenches, and can both see and hear all that passes in those chambers whenever we have a mind to.

I will therefore take them in rotation, from no. 1, to no. 20.

ROOM 1.

Last night this room was hired by young Sir Charteres Neville. Miss Sophy Buller, to whom the chamber belongs, is as pretty a piece of goods as you ever saw in your life; a little woman, exceedingly well made, and just turned twenty.

She has the most languishing black eyes in the world, and her fine hair, which is a rich chesnut colour, she wears *au naturel*, as the French say, that is without powder or ribbons; only on one side of her head is attached, jauntily enough, a real damask rose.

She has a skin perfectly smooth, white, and polished as marble. Her breasts are two hard, white balls, which, without the aid of stays, stand bolt upright, and are of great size and volume. Her waist is little, and this beauty very much enhances the delicious bulge of her plump hips and posteriors, Sure no one but your ladyship has such lovely hemispheres, as one of my gentlemen calls

em; beginning at the fleshy part of her thigh, they seem to meander away upwards quite to her waist, where they terminate, leaving two deep dimples on either side of the ravishing crease.

For the rest, she has a belly smooth and white, cunny tight and well fledged, a well turned leg, and small feet.

Sir Charteres, who is a handsome young man as any girl could desire, appeared very fine in his embroidered suit and full bottomed periwig, sword, bag, and solitaire.

He entered the room laughing, with his arm round Sophy's waist, in great glee at finding the dear girl disengaged. She is his favorite piece, for, the saucy gentleman observed to me one day, —

"Phoebe, " says he, " for a jolly good fuck, give me a girl with an arse of her own; none of your flimsy slips of girls will suit my fancy. — plenty of white, firm flesh, Phoebe, that's the thing I require."

Bless the dear young fellow's heart, he got all he wanted in Sophy!

As soon as he had secured the door, he said, —

"Come, my dear, off with your rattletraps — clothes are great enemies to the rites of Venus."

And so saying, he began to set the example, pulling off his things with astonishing alacrity, Sophy laughed to see how quick he was, but, as she was not encumbered with much dress beyond her loose gown and smock, she very soon stood up in her stockings and shoes, all else being entirely naked.

At this sight, the young gentleman tore off his breeches, the only thing he still wore, and bounding

to her, he caught the sweet girl in his arms, and buried his face in her bobbies. Then he lifted her up, and thrusting out his tongue, he licked her nearly all over—her titties, her cunny, her dimpled bum, arms, face; and then, as if he had not satisfied his hunger, he finally thrust his fiery tongue into her little rosy mouth.

She, being an adept in her art, and, as I can assure your ladyship, one of the best performers in the whole world, expanded wide her plump thighs; then seizing on his hard, red-headed staff, she guided the restive steed into the stable.

This action on her part so excited Sir Charteres that, tipping her back on the bed, he was upon her in a moment.

It was a sight that did my heart good, to see these two young creatures, in the bloom of youth, health and beauty, enjoying all the sweets of love. For now Sophy began to wriggle and twist, first throwing one leg over his back, then the other, now with a desperate bound tossing him up, then with expanding limbs catching him again, like a game of cup and ball; but human nature could not stand this sort of thing very long, and so, amidst sighs and coos, and, "Oh, my precious loves," and "Ahs," and "Urs," the climax came, and dissolved in bliss; they then lay for some minutes in each other's arms quite still.

But soon the fire of desire again played in the veins of the young lover, and rising, he made Sophy kneel upon all fours on the bed; then, after kissing and caressing those bulging Turkish beauties of hers, he pointed his rampant prick at the right spot, and seizing on her bobbies he began to move with

great rapidity, going home to the hilt at every thrust.

Nothing I can assure your ladyship, could be more exhilarating and exciting than this scene, Sophy bounding, and ever and anon, by the flexibility of her loins, giving her buttocks a voluptuous shake.

The smacking of his belly against them, and then the great beauty of the two forms — nothing could be finer. It was a triumph of nature, and I could not help regretting that Mr Gervaise was not with me, to make a drawing of the pair.

"But, alas! the greatest pleasures in this life are but fleeting," as the worthy Sir Charles used to say, for in about five minutes their sighs came short and quick, their ejaculations of bliss commenced, and soon all was over for that bout. So, leaving my young lovers to recover themselves, I thought I would see what was going on in

ROOM II.

Here a very different scene was enacting.

The first person my eyes rested on, was a tall middle-aged man, dressed entirely in black, but the brilliants of the finest water which sparkled in the buckles of his shoes and in his silver-mounted sword, the delicate whiteness of his hands, and the costly Mechlin lace ruffles which shaded them, smacked too much of la mode, for any person to be mistaken in the quality of the gentleman. He was in fact, no other but your old friend Lord Fartington. He was leaning in the most graceful attitude against a cabinet, holding in his right hand a formidable looking

birch rod tied up with scarlet ribbon. In front of him stood three remarkably pretty young girls of thirteen or fourteen years of age, who were, in fact, my flogging pupils, who went by the names of Cherry, Merry, and Frolic.

Miss Cherry was in the act of horsing the lovely Frolic; while Merry, laughing all the time, rolled up her clothes to her shoulders, and prepared to hold her feet.

As soon as all was ready, and the peach-like budding bottom of the sweet girl well exposed to view, together with a charming rosy cunny, perfectly free from any vestige of hair, which pouted out impudently beneath those tempting globes, his lordship advanced and imprinted on them a rapturous kiss. Then, standing back two or three feet, he raised his arm.

"Now miss," cried he, affecting great anger, "I'll teach you not to be naughty any more, a good sound flogging will do you good."

With that he commenced laying on in good earnest, and with all the strength of his arm.

At first, the poor little buttocks of miss Frolic only assumed a deep carnation hue, but soon up rose large weals, the blood started forth and ran down her thighs. She roared, she screamed for mercy.

"Oh, oh, oh! my lord, for heaven's sake! Ah! it is dreadful. Mercy! Mercy!"

But the excitement was too charming to Lord Fartington, he felt a sensible thrill of delight at every stroke he gave, and relaxed not his blow till quite exhausted, and the rod worn to a stump, he sank down on the floor.

As for poor Frolic, she was carried, fainting and

moaning to her room. And here, my lady, I may take occasion to remark, that for my part I never could see the pleasure of this flogging letch. My late excellent friend and patron had the penchant a little in his youth, and there were times when he would amuse himself by birching Daphnis and Chloe (1), but he never hit very hard, and only made their gums glow rosy and red. As to drawing blood and beating them in this barbarous manner, he was altogether too humane for that. But hear the sequel of this singular scene.

By the time Merry and Cherry had returned to No. 2, his lordship was on his legs again, as right as a trivet. Then my two little dears, knowing quite well their parts, began to reproach him for his cruelty, and at length seizing upon him, had his breeches down in a trice; then they tied his hands, and pushing him forward on the bed, Merry seized his legs. While Cherry, taking a brand new rod out of the closet, belaboured his buttocks most furiously. He all the time making a great to do, pretending to struggle to free himself, and begging for mercy. When Cherry was tired, Merry advanced with another new rod, so that in ten minutes the bed was covered with blood, and his bum as raw as a beefsteak.

Suddenly his lordship sprang off the bed, displaying his pego hard and stiff against his belly. "I have seldom seen a finer erection." "Quick, quick!" he exclaimed; and he seized on little Merry,

(1) Characters in the « New Epicurean. »

tossing up her clothes in a moment. Then mounting upon her, he began driving at her little cunny.

The girl was tight and young, and cried out that he was too big for her, that he hurt her.

This seemed to give him great delight; and the more he began nipping her and bawdy catches and songs here every night, and thighs and little bottom with his nails, and growling over her like a wild beast. I every moment expected to see him bite the girl, so rabid did he seem.

Cherry, I must confess, had the best of it, for she was neither flogged nor pinched, but stood behind, cooling my lord's flayed bumbo with a fan and from time to time squeezing his balls.

To a genuine flagellant, all this I dare say, would have been very delightful to behold, but I can assure you, madam, to me it seemed vastly absurd and so ludicrous did my lord look with his wig awry, and his whipped posteriors, that I had the greatest possible difficulty to keep from laughing.

But when getting off the girl at length (who by the bye, he had well nigh split up with his great cock) he went to sit down, but quickly leapt up in an agony of pain, he presented a figure so excessively droll, that I could hold in no longer, and laughed till the tears ran down my face.

"Who's that laughing?" cried Lord Fartington coming at once to his senses, and looking very cross. "I hope we have no spies here, eh, girl?" he added sharply, turning to Cherry.

"Oh dear me, no! My Lord," she said with a toss of her pretty little head, "this is the top of my gignio in the town, my lord, we has no bullies here."

and seizing on her

"But I heard some one laugh," retorted his lordship, a little softened, however.

"Oh, that's nothing," said Cherry, pertly; "we hear laughter, groans, sobs, cries, screams, oaths, and bawdy catches and songs here every night, and never take no notice. No more should your lordship," and she dropped him the prettiest curtsey in the world.

By this Lord Fartington had buttoned up his breeches, making however, many a wry face while performing the operation, and setting his wig straight before the mirror, he put on his coat, and buckled on his sword.

Por Merry was crying on the foot of the bed. Frolic was in her own room in dreadful pain, and Cherry alone was left to show his lordship the door. She took a candle and led the way.

Now, it is a peculiarity in Lord Fartington that he is always very profuse in promises before he begins his sport, and very parsimonious and rude when all is over. Knowing my customer, therefore, I did not leave the little matter of payment to be settled between him and Cherry, but waylaid my lord on the stairs.

"Well, woman!" said he roughly, "what do you want?"

"Come, come, my lord, be civil, if you please. You know very well what I want without my telling you, I suppose. Marry-come-up! you're not the only sprig of quality that comes to my house by long chalks," I exclaimed, setting my arms a-kimbo.

"Hey-day! Hey-day! Whats the matter with the woman now?"

" The matter is, my lord, " said I, assuming an indignant air; " that you have nearly flogged one of my girls to death, and it may be a week before she's fit for business. And as for the other, you've well nigh split her up and spoiled my market. She is a flogging girl, not a fucking one, as you kneed very well, and you ought to have sent to one of the other rooms for a woman if you wanted one, and not go and take the maidenhead of a young creature like that. Fie! Fie! my lord, I thought you was a gentleman. And then never to give either of the poor girls a crown for themselves. Oh, my! how do I hate mean people! "

" Stop, stop! my good Mrs Kissagen, " cried the alarmed peer, seeing that I had aroused the whole house, and that heads were popping out of the doors of the different chambers in every direction. " For heaven's sake hold your clatter, and name your price. "

" This was all I wanted, so I now lowered my tone, and coming to the point by degrees, showed his lordship out at last with a profusion of smiles, and a crisp bank note for two hundred pounds crumpled up in my hand.

I now went to look after my girls. I found Frolic dreadfully mauled indeed, and was fain to pacify her with a guinea, and the promise of a new mantilla; and having given her some mulled wine and bathed her poor little bum with an astringent lotion, always kept for the purpose, I drew her curtains and left her to repose.

I now returned to No 2, where I found little Merry still crying, and in a great fright lest I should be angry with her for allowing his lordship to take her

maidenhead. I comforted her as well as I could, and slipping a crown into her hand, told her to turn up that I might see what damage was done.

The poor little thing had been much torn, and her maidenhead quite gone, with a crack in the skin nearly reaching her anus, and all her cunny very hot and inflamed; her legs and bottom too were pinched black and blue, and in short, she had had quite enough of it. So, after applying some remedies, I gave her also some mulled wine, and bid her good night. As for Cherry, as she had played her part pretty well, I took her as a treat to see some of the performances, and we walked off to see what they were doing in n° 3. But I do not want to surfeit your ladyship, so will defer an account of what else I saw till the next letter.

LETTER III.

In which some queer fellows and rummy prigs are shown up.

TO THE SAME.

Madam,

I resume my pen according to the promise I made your ladyship last week, and will now describe the contents of

Room III.

In an easy chair was seated a venerable looking old gentleman, who appeared more like a man of

eighty than seventy four, which was his real age; and he was to kiss them, and let them go again. All this

Though so old, he yet took a great pride in his dress, which was cut after the latest French mode. He wore a superb suit of sky-blue velvet, so covered with gold lace, however, that very little of the costly material was visible. His silk stockings were rolled above the knee, the heels of his shoes were million, the buckles set with brilliants, and he wore a large diamond on the ring finger of his right hand. His laced hat, which he kept on his periwig, was also ornamented with a red plume, and was wickedly cocked over his left eye, after the style affected by all the young bloods and gallants of the town. Add to this a rapier of unusual length, and the portrait is complete. I think I need scarcely tell your ladyship who this well known personage was, as you must have recognised the likeness, especially when I tell you that he wore a star on the left breast and the cordon bleu.

The old gentleman was sitting with one leg crossed over the other, playing with his enamelled snuff box, and occasionally taking a pinch, while he attentively observed half a dozen little girls, who quite naked, played about the chamber, turned head over heels, or scrambled for the sugar plums he now and then threw by handful amongst them. Behind him, stood my old friend Chloe (not that she is herself old, bye the bye, for she is but twenty-eight, and one of the finest women on town); on a console of marqueterie stood a massy silver salver with a bottle of hypocras and glasses, and her duty was to replenish that of the old man.

Every now and then one of the little girls would come within his reach, when he would catch them,

affected by all the young bloods and gallants on all alone!
 town. Add to this a rapier of unusual length, and
 the portrait is complete. I think I need scarcely tell
 your ladyship who this well known personage was
 as you must have recognised the likeness, especially
 when I tell you that he wore a star on the left breast
 and the cordon bleu.

The old gentleman was sitting with one leg crossed over the other, playing with his enamelled snuff box, and occasionally taking a pinch, while he attentively observed half a dozen little girls, who

he attentively observed half a dozen little girls, who, quite naked, played about the chamber, turned head over heels, or scrambled for the sugar plums he now and then threw by handful amongst them. Behind him, stood my old friend Chloe (not that she is herself old, bye the bye, for she is but twenty-eight, and one of the finest women on town); on a console of marqueterie stood a massy silver salver, with a bottle of hypocras and glasses, and her duty was to replenish that of the old man.

Every now and then one of the little girls would come within his reach, when he would catch them, and the old man's tongue was in it in a moment.

Presently the old fellow stretched out his arms and enclosed the buttocks of Chloe with a tight embrace; he began to heave up his body, and gave her push for push; then he tossed over the little girl, and Chloe hugged him to her bosom. The old man's head fell back. Spending, he had fainted. Restoratives were now administered, and he was soon all right again. So, swallowing another glass of hypocras, he allowed Chloe to button up his flap, cocked his plumed hat again over his left eye, kissed the children all round, put a well-filled pocket book into Chloe's hands, and took leave with "Dammé, not so bad for an old chap, neither!"

Cherry was much amused with this scene, and whispered me that it was as good as a play, and we now visited

ROOM IV.

The only person I could see upon looking into this room, was pretty Lucy Rackett, a charming black * girl of sixteen, who was famous for captivating men of certain tastes, en masquerade.

That she was expecting a visitor was most evident, for she had just completed a most killing toilet. Her lovely black hair unpowdered, had been frizzled by the coiffeur, and tied behind with cerise colored ribbons. She wore a ruby velvet suit, lined with crimson silk, and her coat had gold lace down the seams; the flaps were richly embroidered. Her breeches fitted tightly on limbs of the finest mould, and her pearl white silk stockings, richly clocked

* The old fashioned term for a brunette, or dark woman. — Ep.

the sides, were rolled over her knees after the most approved fashion. She wore also ruffles of lace, and had diamond buckles on her red heeled shoes; while to complete the tout ensemble, a tiny cut steel sword peeped out beneath the skirts of her coat. With a hand placed jauntily on her left hip, her little laced hat under her arm, she stood the picture of graceful elegance, her head slightly turned towards the door.

At length steps were heard approaching, the door opened, and a man of about fifty years of age entered.

Have you ever, madam, observed attentively the face of a fox? because, if you have, a pretty correct idea will be conveyed to your mind of this person's physiognomy; in all other respects the gentleman was well enough. A wiry well set figure set off by a grand suit en Pompadour, and the usual accessories of a person of quality, together with the bel air, proved his breeding. Doffing his hat and advancing, with a profusion of grimaces, he began in broken English.

"Ah! ma petite ange, and how is you to-night? If by your looks I may tell, vy, I tink I should say charmant. Ah, mon dieu! vat a deliceux costume. Ah! comme une ange!"

"Thank you, Monseigneur, I am quite well. What will you please to take? There is some excellent claret and also burgundy."

"Ah, parbleu! I see dis dear love before me, and she ask me, vat you tak? Vy, my dear, vat sud I tak but yourself?"

There was a good deal more of this sort of jargon, and then Monseigneur le Duc de Bellaire (for it was

that distinguished foreigner) proceeded to something more practical.

But his proceedings were dashed with a certain oddity, which little Cherry did not at all comprehend. First he undid the flap of Lucy's breeches, and put in his hand, every now and then ejaculating, "Bel garçon ! bel garçon !" At last he unbuttoned them altogether, and pulled them down to her knees.

But he never even glanced in front, but turning her round, paid his devotions to her well formed hinder beauties. Then he released his pego.

Mercy on us, what a queer affair ! It was not above half the size of an ordinary man's, but what it wanted in bulk it made up for in length.

This concern he began to point much too far behind ; but Lucy would not allow this game, and guided him right. The duke appeared chagrined at this.

"Look," he said, "I will give you one hundred guineas."

Lucy shook her head.

"Two hundred."

Another shake of the head.

"Tree hundred !" he exclaimed eagerly, pulling out his pocket book.

Lucy wavered.

"Oui, ma mie !" cried he ; "I will give you fifty more for yourself !"

Then, after counting out the notes, which she secured in her bosom, he again caught her in his arms ; My God ! be careful ! it's the first time, cried the artful minx. The duke having applied some spittle to her beautiful brown bum hole, easily guided

in his long thin prick ; Miss Lucy was soon reconciled to this mode and gave way to her delight, how nice ! it's better than the other way, go on, and tickle my fanny at the same time. Suiting her actions to her words, she wriggled and plunged under his pricker, oh ! you do make me spend ! oh ! you've come, it's so nice and warm, and beats any thing I have ever read in the books, oh ! oh ! keep on again ! The duke exhausted with delight, cried, "Quel bel plaisir, dis is what de serpent teach Adam and Eve ! dis is de forbidden fruit ! ma belle Lucy !

"Oh — oh ! whispered Cherry, I don't fancy that man at all ; Let us come to n^o 5, dear Mr^s Kissagen."

Room V.

On looking through the aperture, we beheld our pretty blonde, Clarissa Fairfield, entertaining the wealthy Indian Rajah, who you are aware is now on a visit to this country in consequence of some dispute with the East India Company respecting the boundary of his territories.

Rajah Rum-un-fuckum-juim-fah Bahadoor (what long names these Indians have !) is a great fat man, of dark chesnut color, with little black eyes, and short moustachios. He wore a turban, and his dress, entirely of gold tissue, shone in the waxlights, every movement he made.

I have seen people dressed very similar to him, on the playacting booths at fairs. Squatting cross legged like a tailor, smoking a tremendous pipe, which I believe they call a hookey (but your ladyship understands, I dare say,) he had got Clarissa in

the funniest attitude imaginable; her heels rested on his shoulders; and she sat down on his two hands. His queer black pego, of considerable bigness, was just beginning to enter her cunny, when we arrived at our post.

The method was novel; when he wanted to give a home thrust, he dropped her upon him; then he would have a pull at his hookey, blow the cloud into her face, and handle her bobbies a bit, saving every time he did so.

"Rubbee bobbies, missee, dat makee de lub come!"

Then he would lift her up again, and so on. As for Cherry and myself, we were ready to die with suppressed laughter.

But what amused us most, were the grotesque efforts made by poor Clarissa to suppress her disgust of her swarthy admirer, and appear pleased. He made her strip entirely naked, shoes and stockings included, saying,

"Ladies in my cunt-arey nolee wearree. Rajah not likee; Feringhee dress not good. White missee, too much nicee—much pretty got."

To add to the poor girls mortification, he appeared as if he would never come to an end, for when he thought the finish was coming he stopped, and had a few puffs at his pipe. I am sure we must have watched them half an hour at least, and they were still hard at it when we left.

But it is time I concluded this billet, remaining, Madam,

Your obliged, humble servant

PHOEBE KISSAGEN.

LETTER IV.

In which our young Templar again appears on the scene.

TO THE SAME.

MADAM,

In a former letter, I gave you some account of a visit we paid to Mr Randall, a young barrister, in the Temple.

I felt so grateful to him for the good thing he had put me into by introducing me to this house, that no sooner were we got all straight, than I wrote him a letter, thanking him anew for all his kindness and attention, and inviting him to sup with me on the Sunday following.

That is a day on which we always close our place of business to customers. Not so much, you may readily believe, from religious motives as from a desire to have one day in the seven to ourselves, at all events. Besides it affords an opportunity to get the house cleaned down, and things put a bit to rights, for I cannot bear mudde and nastiness in any shape.

Well, I got a vastly pretty pink billet from the young Templar in reply, wherein, after paying me many compliments, which, however, I hope I have too much good taste to put down here, went on to say that he would have much pleasure in accepting the invitation, and would be with me punctually at eight.

Chloe and I, therefore, set to work and put my private parlour in order. It is a sweet pretty room at night, when the crimson silk curtains are drawn, the six pairs of wax candles in their silver sconces lighted up, and a roaring fire burning in the bright grate.

On the sideboard shone a goodly show of massy plate, the gift principally of different patrons, to which I had added decanters and glasses of Bohemian and Venetian manufacture; and there was a good supply of wine, withal. So that nothing was wanting to make the young spark welcome.

Punctually at eight o'clock he arrived; so having rung the bell as a hint to Betsy, the cook, that we were ready for supper, I made him vastly welcome. But the sly rogue was not satisfied with shaking hands, but must needs kiss both Chloe and myself, and thrusting one hand in Chloe's neck and the other in mine, he began handling our bubbies—an innocent piece of familiarity to which we, of course, made no manner of objection, but my maid Sally, coming in just then with the supper, caused him to forbear his pranks for the present, and we sat down to table.

A hare larded, brace of roast fowls with sorrel sauce, and numerous French kickshaws not worth naming, formed the supper, to which our guest did ample justice, washing it down with copious libations of claret. At length, when the table had been cleared, and wine and fruit placed on the polished walnut wood, he again expressed the pleasure he felt at seeing us once more, and then went on to remind me of a sort of half promise I had made him in the Temple.

"Oh," said I, laughing, "I remember it very well; but surely, now you are in a house full of some of the finest young women in London, who I can assure you are entirely at your command, free of any charge, you will not prefer your quondam sweetheart whom you used to fuck under the big tress of Sir Charles' park, down yonder in Herefordshire? Remember, I'm five or six years older than I was then, and in two or three years more shall be forty."

"Pooh! pooh!" cried my young spark, "what matters about your age, my dear Phoebe? To my eyes you are more charming than ever, and I prefer you to all the laced mutton you may have in the house, damme!"

"Oh, fie! fie! Mr Randall," said I, "you musn't talk that way, or you'll quite offend Chloe."

"Now, Venus forbid!" cried the amorous Templar. "I can assure you, my dear creature, I have a heart capacious enough to retain a remembrance of the beauties of both; and he laid his hand on his embroidered waistcoat. "I'm not like that rascal Macheath, in the Beggars's Opera, who could only love one woman at a time, damme!" and he hummed the well known lines,

"How happy could I be with either,
Were t'other dear charmer away!
But while you thus tease me together,
To neither a word can I say."

"No, no! my precious creatures, my turtle doves; I can love you both at once; I've a strong back damme."

We laughed heartily, your ladyship may be sure

at this sally, while he, to prove the truth of his assertions, let loose his great truncheon, and flung his arms round us both.

"Seniority ought to bear the palm," said the mad fellow, taking me by the hand with as much grace as if he were leading out a young lady to dance a minuet, and advancing to a convenient couch in the chamber; "but as idleness is the root of all evil, fair Chloe, do you come also; your little quim shall have my tongue, while charming Phœbe takes the sugar stick."

No sooner said than done. I being laid on my back, he mounted me en regle. Then Chloe, sitting on the head of the sofa, offered him her moss rose.

"Ah, ha!" cried Mr Randall, "this little cunny has become fledged since I last had the pleasure of seeing it in Herefordshire. Egad! I thought you a beautiful little girl then, but you are a much finer one now." Law, sir! "laughed Chloe, "do you think so?"

"Oh, you little sly puss, you know very well," said the Templar. Then he took a good hold of my hips, and fucked me with a vigour that rejoiced my heart. Once more I felt all those delicious sensations which had been called forth years and years ago by poor Sir Charles. How I bounded and spent! bit and squeezed him! how I wriggled and twisted! Oh, my lady, it was a dream of bliss for me. I was in a delirium of joy. Dear man! how I hugged and loved him!

Nor was Chloe without her delight; he had a skilful tongue, and used it nimbly, so that he soon set her spending and wriggling as much as myself.

At length, when all was over, and he had gal-

lantly handed me back to my seat near the fire, he just waited to swallow a bumper, and then making Chloe kneel up on the couch, he went slap at her like a young bull as he was, for his prick was still stiff as ever, notwithstanding the spurting shower of love's nectar, with which he had just refreshed my tulip.

"Oh, damme!" he cried, "what an arse you have, Chloe! what a white, smooth, dimpled, glorious full moon it is!"

Smack, smack, went his belly against those globes at every thrust. "Ah! dear girl, how nice and tight your pretty hairy cunt is! Ur-r-r!" and he ground his teeth.

I could stand this scene no longer, so running up to him. I began to play with his cod-piece, slapping and feeling him about, and covering his nakedness with hot kisses.

Such additional aggravation soon brought on his climax and giving six or seven rapid pushes, he dispatched Chloe with a tremendous thrust, which must have reached her very womb's mouth.

After this second performance, he seemed inclined to wait for awhile, so, to amuse him, I proposed that we should steal up the stairs and peep into all the girl's rooms, to see how they were passing the time.

The idea tickled him mightily; so, buttoning up his breeches, and with one arm around my waist, and the other round Chloe's, we first went to

Room VI.

This apartment was in the occupation of Effie Gordon, a native of the north of Scotland, and

notwithstanding that her hair was as red as a carrot, she had beauties not to be despised, and on any other evening but Sunday would have been sure to have had a gallant with her. As it was, she was alone.

But before I relate to you, my lady, what she was doing, I will endeavour to give you her portrait.

She is a lassie, then, of about eighteen years of age. To a skin of that peculiar whiteness which red-haired people nearly always possess nature had given her a shape so voluptuously formed as to enthrall the senses of all who had once beheld her. Her face presented a perfect oval; the bloom of the rose glowed in her cheeks, in which, when smiling, she displayed two deep dimples. Her nose was small, slender, and slightly retroussé, her lips looked like two pieces of coral; and as for her white teeth, the seeds of the pomegranate were the only things they could be compared with. Her light blue eyes were large, melting, loving, and shaded by eyelashes perfectly black. Her eyebrows, indeed, were the same color as her hair, but beautifully arched. She wore her hair frizzled, ornamented with pale blue ribbons, and thickly powdered to conceal its colour. Her ears we observed to be singularly small and beautiful, reminding one of the petals of a rose; a solitary brilliant (but of considerable bigness and the finest water) glittered like a dew drop in either ear. Her neck and shoulders were perfect, and her bosom large and exquisitely formed; her waist small and round, and her hips, thighs, and buttocks, prodigious! Then where before had our young gallant seen such rounded arms, or such little taper hands and feet?

"What, " I hear your ladyship exclaim, " was she naked, then? "

Yes, she was indeed, and stretching herself out wantonly on the rug before the fire, friggling herself thoughtfully with her forefinger every now and then. It was evident to us all, that she was either trying to recall some delicious scene with a favorite gallant, perhaps with her first seducer; or else, that she was expecting a visit from one of the girls of the house.

Meanwhile, nothing could be finer than the sight offered to our view. One moment she would twist her legs, squeeze them together, and arch in her back; the next she would straddle wide, and display every beauty; anon, she would turn over on her belly, and move up and down on the rug, showing all her hinder beauties with great advantage.

At length the door opened, and in marched Luey Rackett.

"Well Lucy, my pet, you're coom at last, then, I couldna ken wha had kept ye sae lang. Come here, my bonnie lassie, and tip me the gamahuche, for I'm awfu randy. "

"Oh, oh! " whispered M. Randall, " damme! this beats cock-fighting.

"Is she not a fine woman? " said I.

"Vastly fine, " replied the Templar.

"How you say that! just as if you did not admire her at all. "

"Really! is not that droll! "

"Very extraordinary indeed, " put in Chloe, " seeing that all the men about town think her superb. "

" Vastly strange, said I.

" What ? " retorted Mr Randall.

" Why, that you should not admire her. "

" I did not say so. "

" Oh, what a tiresome, bantering man you are, " said I, giving him a sly pinch. " Tell me directly, do you not admire her very much ? "

" Oh, tol, lol ! "

" That means only a little I suppose ? "

" Madam, " said Mr Randall, and he looked me full in the face, " 'twas I who seduced her. "

" Whew ! the murder's out now, and I can understand it all, I suppose. "

" Be so good as never to mind what you suppose, my dear Phoebe, for once in a way, but observe how these innocent lambs are disporting themselves. Let me see, this is what the French call tribade-tribadinu, as we should say. One girl lies down, and opens her legs, another gets over her reversed, and then each exercises her salacious tongue upon the cunny of the other. Happy creatures ! what thrills ! what blisses ! what inventions of delight ! They enjoy it vastly, I dare say, but I suppose I'm not old enough to care for these extraordinary scenes. I'd rather have one good fuck with a fine woman, than all the peep holes in the world. Come, let us go. " I was vexed, you may be sure, at not seeing the finish between Lucy and Effie, for that would have been rather fine, both being such lecherous devils, but whispering to Chloe, " He seduced her ! " we followed him into the parlour.

Our young gallant began drinking the wine, glass after glass, very fast, and soon became exceedingly troublesome and noisy ; insomuch that we were not

sorry when at last he fell dead drunk under the table.

It was now eleven o'clock, so, calling old Betty to help us, we lifted my gentleman up and put him to bed, having too much regard for him to let him return to his chambers in such a state.

As Chloe and I were going up to bed, we had a mind to see how matters were going on in Effie's room ; we peeped in, but all was dark. She had evidently gone to bed.

Now Chloe and I slept together, and what with the fucking we had had in the early part of the evening and the scene we had witnessed between Effie and Lucy, the devil would have it that when we came to lay down in bed, we were both tormented with such an irresistible itching in a certain part, as rendered sleep altogether out of the question.

" What shall we do ? " said Chloe, " shall we frig, or shall we gamahuche ? "

" Oh, I'm for the gamahuche, " said I.

" With all my heart, " said Chloe.

Then she jumped out of bed and lighted two wax candles, and placed them on the commode, that we might see as well as feel each other's beauties ; and coming back to me, the dear girl stooped and gave me a full view of her large and beautiful bum, her cunny, and all etceteras, upon which I soon began to feed, while she, rolling her tongue first down one side of my slit and then down the other, then on the clitoris, then right inside, gave me joy inexpressible.

After exhausting ourselves with this game for nearly an hour, we at length put out the candles and fell asleep in each others arms.

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Some evenings after, having nothing particular to do, I thought I would visit the other rooms, and I now sit down to conclude my letter with a faithful account of the scenes I witnessed, which I hope will edify your ladyship as much as they pleased me. In

ROOM VII.

I beheld a stout, fat man, of about sixty five years of age; and standing at a respectful distance I observed the owner of the room, Mary Crocket, a pretty lively girl of fifteen.

Her person presented nothing remarkable, it was simply a plump compact, little body, well shaped enough considering her youth. But her beauty was just of that style seen every day.

I say she stood at a respectful distance, for this man, who by his dress was a parson, was armed with a most formidable cart whip, and gave her a tremendous lash whenever she came within his reach.

But here I must digress a little, to acquaint your ladyship more particularly with this reverend gentleman.

I don't know much about such people myself, but one of my gentlemen gave me his history, and from it I gathered that his reverence was formerly what is called a port wine parson — a pluralist — holding three rich livings; very fond of hunting, very fond of a pretty wench, when he could get one, and very fond of the bottle; but growing old, and being struck with paralysis in his lower limbs, he turned vastly devout, and, not satisfied with mortifying the flesh in his own proper person, he hypocritically pretended that it behoved him to mortify the flesh of a loose

women also, but as he could not indulge in this penchant without paying for it, the hoary old wretch handed me ten guineas every week for permission to whip my girls all round every Wednesday evening (1).

As he could not stand on his legs, he had himself conveyed to Leicester Fields in a sedan chair. He was then lifted on a chair hung on castors, and so wheeled from room to room. He had already visited six of them, and was now arrived at the seventh.

What was very remarkable — or, rather, what was not at all so — he would have every girl stripped of her « caul», her hoods, her wimples, her round tires like the moon, her rings, her jewels, and other vanities « as he called them — that is to say, they were to be quite naked, with hair flowing down their backs.

« Now, young harlot, » he was saying when I peeped in, « will you bring me that glass of wine I have twice asked you for? »

« Yes, an' it please ye, sir, if you'll promise not to hit me. »

« Well, then, woman of perdition, I will not hit thee if thou'rt quick. » The girl made as much haste as possible, and advanced timidly. He waited till she had placed the glass on the table, and as she returned he gave three awful cuts, causing the long lash of the whip to wrap right round her, and the knots striking her delicate thighs, fetched up a weal in an instant.

« Oh, sir! cried the girl, blubbering; » you say you would not do it! »

(1) A fact.

« I said I would not smite you, harlot, if you were quick; but, inasmuch as you were slow, I smote thee. Very good it is for you to be chastised. Behold, I act to you as the Lord acteth, for we read that he chasteneth those whom he loveth. Ahem! »

The girl made no reply, but pouting out her lips, seemed annoyed, and no wonder.

« Come hither, child, » cried the wretch, trying to move his chair towards her, and shaking his whip with impotent rage. « Ugh, ugh, I should like to get at thee now. I'd soon flog that dainty skin of yours, I would, ye young hussy! You ought to be ashamed of yourself, a young girl like you, to give yourself up to fornication and all uncleanness! Ugh—ugh! »

Here he was seized with a fit of coughing which lasted some time; at length, wanting to spit, he told her to bring the chamber pot.

The girl supposing his cough had exhausted him, obeyed at once; but she had reckoned without her host, as the saying is, for the old man, seizing her by the arm, commenced letting into her posteriors with the but end of the whip, till she was quite black and blue.

The girl screamed lustily, and at length, losing all patience, snatched the whip out of his hand, and gave him such a hearty thump on the noddle that the wretch roared with pain.

« There! cried Mary, in a rage, » that will teach you, you nasty old canting hypocritical son of a bitch, to treat poor girls in this way, you sodomitical, psalm singing old bugger. You must be a sodomite, or you would not hate women as you do, you damned old wretch! »

The old fellow was furious, and foamed at the mouth.

« Very well, my girl, very well, » said he; « wait till I tell your mistress, that's all, and I'll have you turned into the street. I will see if a person of my dignity is to be treated in this way! » and he forced his shovel hat over his eyes, fiercely.

At the sound of those dreadful words, and the reflection of what a fate she would have if turned into the streets now the winter had fairly set in, the rage of poor Mary evaporated, and bursting into tears, she humbly implored him not to be so cruel.

« Well then, » said he, rubbing his pate, on which he felt a great bump as big as a walnut, « kneel down before me on all fours, and let me lash you well, and then I will pardon the offence. »

The wretched girl saw she must obey. Then he lashed her till quite out of breath, cutting her between the legs and over the bosom in a barbarous manner.

I could bear this sight no longer, so stepping into the room, I snatched the whip out of his hand, and calling him all the old villains in the world, bundled him out of the house.

I never saw the old rascal again, for he died soon after; but as he had the Sacrament administered to him, and went off in the odour of sanctity, he is doubtless now a saint in heaven!

It was quite refreshing, after witnessing this scene, to turn to that in

ROOM VIII

For here a dashing young captain of the Guards,

in his embroidered red coat, was very jolly over a bottle of wine with the lovely Selina Marsham, a fine woman of twenty five.

I continued watching my young son of Mars for about twenty minutes, during which he accomplished two hearty fucks, and then I adjourned to the next.

Room IX.

Here they were at high romps. A gentleman, whose quality certainly could not be discovered by his dress, for he had doffed all his clothes, was standing blindfolded in the middle of the room, and laughing, running, jumping round him, using all sorts of liberties, were some seven or eight little girls, all undressed, whose ages ranged from seven to twelve.

Now and then one more bold than the rest, would advance and tug at his great stiff cock, and then run off with a little scream. Then he would dash after her, upsetting chairs, tables, and all that came in his way, while some of the children would fall down, others would tumble on them, and then there they lay in a heap, all higgledy-piggledy, little fat bums, thighs, cunnies, all were jumbled up together.

Blind man was a long time before he could catch one, but at last he succeeded. She was a beautiful little, fair creature, who had kept as much in the rear as she could during the game, and was much more modest than the others.

When caught, she made great efforts to escape; but, finding she could not, she remained gentle as a lamb.

This girl was a new comer, and was about twelve years of age. No hair yet graced her pouting slit, and her tiny breasts were only just beginning to show themselves. The gentleman pulled off the bandage, and seemed rather pleased with his capture. He caught her up in his arms, and after kissing every part of her, laid her on the bed, and began to explore her maidenhead.

"Untouched, by Jove!" cried he, and then commenced to gamahuche her, the other girls surrounding him, and gamahuching him and manipulating.

This over, his eyes were again bandaged, and the game resumed.

In this manner he got a gamahuche three times in half an hour, the last girl he caught being a mere baby of seven years. It was too bad, I know, but these things must be submitted to, if you would have a Bagnio to pay. Tastes must be gratified, and indeed, these sort of customers pay best of all. I received ten guineas for each gamahuche, and five for the romp. Thirty five guineas from one room in a single evening, was not bad work, though not equal to Lucy's haul from Monseigneur le Due. I now went to

Room X.

And here was my largest stake of all, for the personage who had hired it was a man of the first quality, and had promised, if the virgin I had secured for him gave satisfaction, that he would present me with five hundred guineas. She was a simple country girl, who had arrived only the day before from the depths of Hampshire, and I took particular

care that none of the girls should get speech of her till after the Duke's visit.

He was conversing very gently with her when I peeped into the room, and initiating her in a very artful manner. As yet he had got no further than her bosom, off which he had taken the handkerchief, and was smoothing and kissing the firm white bobbies, which exactly formed in the finest of nature's moulds, stood bolt upright, as if wooing his caress. But the girl blushed deeply, and continued saying, « Ha done, sir! doantee, doantee. My missus 'ull come otherwhile, » and other rustic expressions. But the Duke coaxed her, put her on his lap, made her have a glass of wine, and at last, spite of her struggles, got his hand up her clothes, and between her legs. Then he let out his magic wand, and put it in her hand. She started as if a viper had bit her, but he persevered. He told her that he was resolved to have her that night; that it was no use her crying out, as no one would come, and wound up by saying, that if she would let him have his will of her, he would make her a great lady, put her in a grand house with lots of fine clothes, etc. The usual tale, you know, my lady. And so, at length, without any noise, but merely by the force of eloquence and patience, he got her on to the bed.

Then, by degrees, he removed her clothes, she defending herself however pretty stoutly, but with little success, for in five minutes he had reduced her to her skin, that is, stripped off her smock and beheld her quite naked. She was a beautiful maid, sure enough, justly shaped, and quite without any spot or blemish. After he had kissed and

caressed her beauties for some time, he pressed upon her another glass of wine, and hobnobbing with her, drank off a bumper himself. This second glass of wine got a little into her head, and wore off a trifle of her modesty, so that when he urged her to kneel on the foot of the bed, she made but a faint resistance. Then the Duke produced a purse, and showered out on the bed fifteen or twenty new golden guineas.

« Oh my! cried the girl.

« All for you, my dear, » « said he. « All for you, if you'll only let me have you. »

The country girl cast a greedy look at the money, and then glanced over her shoulder at the tempter, and seeing such a sleek, smiling, embroidered gentleman, and not the devil, as she almost fancied she should, she yielded a silent assent by sweeping up the gold with her hands.

In doing this, she leant a little more forwards, and thus unconsciously offered to his grace and myself an enchanting view of her most hidden charms.

Imagine, my dear madam, a superb back and shoulders of the most ivory whiteness, terminating in a singularly small waist, then imagine the spring out from thence of a noble pair of hips, and the plumpest, whitest, and finest shaped posteriors in the world, delicately relieved by two deep dimples. These ravishing hills, owing to her position, were slightly opened, displaying all the luscious attractions of the enchanting valley between them. A pair of plump tight, and rosy lips, closely compressed together, was all she had to show in the shape of a cunny, if I except a soft down

which shaded the upper mons. At some distance behind this delicious little mouth of Venus, I beheld the other tiny aperture, pursed up in voluptuous rosy wrinkles, highly suggestive of great contractive power, should the duke's fancy run so far back into her valley of delight.

At present however, all he seemed to think of was her virginity, so opening a little box of cold cream, he carefully anointed his may-pole, and also her lovely cleft. And then catching her by the hips, he charged in good style, but the citadel was too tight to admit the battering ram at the first, or even the second push. Besides, the girl began to get frightened, and to struggle. But the dukes blood was up, and he would not now be trifled with. At length he got in about an inch, but there he stuck, so straight was the passage. But pursuing his advantage, and steadily pressing upon her, spite of her cries and struggles, with eight or ten vigorous pushes, he ravished away the last vestige of her maidenhead; at the same time discharging into her a shower of love's dew which, on his drawing out, spurted all over the sheets, mixed with virgin blood.

At the sight of the blood, his grace showed the greatest satisfaction. But while rejoicing over his triumph, the girl had fainted with the pain, and lay forward on her belly, perfectly powerless.

The duke therefore seized the opportunity of exploring, and made an accurate examination of the havoc he had caused in her little cunny, holding one of the waxlights close to it, the better to see he effects. This sight pretty soon brought his grace up to the mark again, and at it he went, like

a bull. The same pain which had caused her to faint now roused her up again, and she began to bemoan her fate most bitterly.

But his grace having had his will, had no mind to console the blubbing wench any more; but he gave her a tremendous slap on the arse, and told her "to hold her infernal noise, and mind her fucking", pushing away at her with all his might.

The girl was struck dumb with astonishment at this harshness, and could not utter a word, but only whimpered and sobbed the more.

"Oh, very well," cried the duke, "if you will blubber, I will give you something to cry for," and withdrawing his great, red, stiff, steaming cock, he drove at the other opening; and before the girl could prevent him, she had lost a second maidenhead, which she never bargained for, and which made her roar out murder, with all her might.

By and bye his grace came to a finish, and being now quite satiated, he damned her for a slut for making such a noise, and taking up his sword and hat, departed.

I met him on the stairs.

"I hope the girl gave your grace satisfaction," said I.

"Why yes, damne!" answered he, "she was a true virgin, no doubt, and here's the money I promised you."

He paused and then continued,

"But I should have enjoyed her a deuced deal better if she had'nt blubbered all the while; tears disfigure the finest face, and besides they bore one dreadfully. Hand her over to a Mohawk or two, once and away, my dear Phœbe. After they have

'tipped her the lion' once or twice, or made her 'sweat', she will be more tractable. Yes, let her have a Mohawk (1). Good night. "

And so saying, his grace stepped into his coach, and was driven off. And now, my dear madam, having given your good ladyship a sample of my ten rooms, and our proceedings here, I propose to send you some curious selections from the "correspondence branch" of our business.

The copies of these letters will give you a much better idea of the various leches of men than anything I can say, and will also prove to your ladyship that if the men are lewd, the women are sometimes quite as salacious.

THE
BAGNIO CORRESPONDENCE.

FROM AUGUSTUS JAMES ESQ.

MADAM,

I shall be in town on Thursday, and propose to pass the evening at your house. Be pleased to have a supper and a girl ready for me at eight of the clock. A young girl about fourteen suits me best, as I am not big hung. A girl with a nice clear

(1) The Mohawks were a club of wild rakes, who performed these « operations » on their victims. For an account of them, see Spectator, vol. V. No 347, in which a very amusing account is given of the proceedings of this fraternity.

skin, pretty plump, and not much hair on her twat.

But though young, she must understand her work, for I hate a slug. I don't mind ten or twenty guineas for the night.

Yours, as you please me,

A. JAMES.

Feversham, Nov. 28th O. S.

FROM SIR FELIX FUCKINGTON, BART.

M^{rs} PHÆBE,

This billet is to let you know that I shall visit your Bagnio tomorrow evening at nine. I shall want one fine woman about twenty to fuck, and two or three little girls to play with; mind and have them all well washed, and their hair dressed by a good coiffeur.

For the woman, I think I should prefer Effie Gordon, she's such a spanker.

F. FUCKINGTON.

November 30th, N. S.

FROM THE EARL OF CADLAND.

MADAM,

Have the goodness to provide me a handsome, healthy, clean young woman, about eighteen years of age, on Friday evening next.

I do not require a maid, but something fresh and agreeable.

Your obedient, humble servant,

CADLAND.

Newmarket, Monday Evening.

—
FROM THE EARL OF BOSTON.

The Earl of Boston presents his compliments to Mrs Phoebe Kissagen, and will feel obliged by her providing an entertainment for him on Monday night, with a handsome supper. The Earl begs to remind Mrs Kissagen that he does not fancy very hairy or very big women; two or three witty, nice looking girls, who understand the gamahuche, and can sing good songs, will be quite satisfactory.

The expense is of no consequence.

To Mrs Phoebe Kissagen,

2, Leicester Fields.

Boston House, Dec^r 14th.

—
FROM SIR HARCOURT WARING, BART.

MADAM,

Find me a nice little girl, about twelve years old, by Tuesday evening. She must be very fair, and well made; slender, but plump; one whose breasts have grown a little would be preferred. She must

be up to the mark, and not too shy. The usual cheque will be ready.

I am, Madam,

Your obedient, humble servant

H. WARING.

Foxcover Hall, Dec^r 16th.

—
FROM MONSIEUR LE DUC DE BELLAIRE.

MADAM,

S'il vous plaît, I will pay you another visit on Tuesday night, ven I hope to find Mademoiselle Lucy disengaged. Mais madame, tree hundred guineas is too much to pay every time, so please to name your price.

Accept, Madam, my most perfect consideration,

LE DUC DE BELLAIRE.

A Madam,

Madam Phoebe de Kissagen.

Dec^r 20th.

—
FROM HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE DUKE
OF YORK.

Have my room and girl ready on Wednesday.
YORK.

—
FROM D^r MOONEY.

MY DEAR PHEBE,

I have several little physiological experiments to make, and shall require for the purpose, one full

grown girl and two or three little ones. After I have finished, I shall have much pleasure in supping with you and the pretty Chloe. Tomorrow evening at ten.

Yours entirely,
F. MOONEY.

Brook St, Thursday Evening.

FROM ADMIRAL LORD SODDINGTON.

OLD GIRL,

I've just come off a cruise, and am hard up for a fuck, so let that great randy wench Effie know I'm going to bear down upon her, and give her a broadside.

You know I like to see a tight frigate well dressed out in bunting; so run up her colours, and rig out her topgallants, get a good supper aboard, and bear a hand you lubber.

Your old tar,
SODDINGTON.

H. M. S. Snapdragon,
Spithead, Decr 17th.

FROM LORD HOMERTON.

Being vastly ennui here, I have resolved to come up to town for a few days till Christmas, and should like to amuse myself with two or three of your ladies.

But they must be fresh, and not too forward; I hate an impudent wench. Be good enough to see that their smocks and persons are clean. You can

bring them to my house in Cavendish Square tomorrow evening at eight, and I shall be happy to see you. You know my taste, so I need not say more.

Yours faithfully,
HOMERTON.

Crocket Hall, Decr 19th.

FROM THE LADY EMILIA STANLEY.

MY DEAR M^{rs} KISSAGEN,

My husband has not been able to perform conjugal rites for this fortnight; so if you have among your young gallants a fine lusty young fellow who can serve my turn, pray put me in the way of enjoying a nights pleasure, for I am parched with thirst.

Pray write by return of post.

Your loving friend,

EMILIA STANLEY.

Hertford St, Mayfair.

FROM LADY POKINGHAM.

MADAM,

Have the room ready on Tuesday, and the gentleman I spoke to you about will meet me there at twelve, after the opera.

Your obedient, humble servant,

H. POKINGHAM.

M^{rs} Phoebe Kissagen,
2. Leicester Fields.

From His Highness Rajah-un-Rum-fucham-jum-
jah Bahadoor.

If the pretty Bheebe Sahib who to me did give
too moch plesur ven I pass night, and do de nicee
fuckee business at your ous be at er ome, I sall to-
mor gome and seen heer, mam; so hab all de tings
reedee.

I too moch plenty mooney bringee.

FROM M^r HEZEKIAH BIRCHEM.

DEAR PHOEBE,

The spirit moveth me to go into one of thy hand-
maidens, and yet, I think I should prefer thy friend
Chloe, if thou wilt first stir up my evil passions
with thy birch rod. Have thy cold cream ready
and anoint the dear harlot's delightful arsehole be-
fore we commence, as thou knowest the devil al-
ways tempts me that way.

Thou must also provide thyself with a dildo,
not too large and well greased, so thou canst sodo-
mise me; as I do Chloe, do thou unto me. Please
my evil concupiscence and any money thou thinkest
fit shall be paid.

From thy friend,

H. BIRCHEM.

Threadneedle St, City
22 of 12 month.

Now I think, my lady, I have given you a pretty
fair sample; and as this has been a most outrage-

ously long letter, I will now make an end by remain-
ing, as in duty bound,

My Lady,

Your ladyship's most obedient
Humble servant to command,

PHOEBE KISSAGEN.

Leicester Fields, Feby 13th.

LETTER V.

In which a curious narrative is given of the
adventures of a *Lusus Naturæ*. a species of gay
Lothario very welcome to the ladies.

FROM LADY LESBIA GOWER TO PHOEBE.

I am truly rejoiced, my dear Phoebe, to find that
you are settled so much to your satisfaction, and
shall soon pay you a visit. In the meantime I must
relate to you a most amusing adventure I have
had.

I was lately on a visit to that dear cousin of mine,
the pious Countess of Boston, who, I will tell you,
is quite a saint in her way, and idolized by all the
starched evangelical party.

No one is more prompt with their subscriptions to
missionary societies, or more frequently seen at
church than my Lady Boston. She is a patroness
of half a dozen associations for the administration of

spiritual instruction to the poor, of Sunday schools, and the like, and has frequent prayer meetings at her house for the benefit of the godly. Among her other foibles, this good lady — who, by the bye, is a blooming widow of thirty, and of a sanguine temperament — has a peculiar sympathy for orphans, that is provided the children are handsome and pretty behaved.

Some three years ago, she adopted a little girl, whose father, a poor halfpay officer, shot himself in consequence of losing all his savings in the South Sea Bubble, which sad event caused his wife to die of a broken heart.

The little girl, then seven years old, is now ten, and one of the most graceful, sweet little creatures you ever saw in your life. She is being educated with care by her ladyship, and is altogether a child of great promise.

Lately she adopted an equally striking and beautiful boy — a little fellow of twelve, or twelve and a half years of age — and I assure you they make a vastly pretty couple.

Well my dear Phoebe, this little boy is the hero of the story I am about to relate. I had not been very long in the house when I observed that there was a remarkably good understanding between these children, and I detected glances and looks which filled me with astonishment — glances full of tenderness and longing, loving looks, full of passion and desire. Heavens! said I to myself, is it possible that these very young creatures can know what love is? brought up, too, as they are, in an atmosphere of puritanism and starched grimace! If so, truly there is but one step from the spiritual to the carnal.

It was amusing to see how the little creatures turned up their eyes during prayers, and the gravity with which they sang their hymns, and performed the devotions required of them by Lady B, of whom, by the way, they seemed to stand in considerable awe.

I resolved to watch them narrowly, and if possible, see them alone when they thought no one was in the way. A few days afterwards the chance occurred.

At breakfast, Lady B. announced her intention of going down to Hazeltown, a village some three miles from Roundwood Park, and she asked me if I would like to accompany her; but as it turned out that she was only going to see and pray with some poor cottagers who were ill, I declined, making an excuse that I had promised to call on Sir William and Lady Nettletop at Headlands.

"Well then, my dear," said my cousin, "you shall have the pony chaise, for my coach is under repair."

"But," said I, "how will you get to Hazeltown then?"

"Oh," she replied, "Mr Cantwell is to call for me and carry me there in her coach, so do not be uneasy on my account. I shall not take the children to-day, for Mrs Cantwell does not like children."

This arrangement suited me exactly. Soon after my cousin was gone I ordered the chaise.

While it was getting ready I thought I would go and see what the children were about, and catching a glimpse of them in the garden, I stole out, and concealing myself as well as I could amidst the

shrubs and trees, approached at length within earshot. They were seated hand in hand beneath the wide spreading branches of a noble beech tree. I listened.

"My darling Julia," the boy was saying, "what a lucky chance is this. We shall have all the morning to amuse ourselves. Aunty (they always called my cousin aunty) going to Hazeltown, and Lady Gower to see those odious old Nettletops.

"Capital!" cried Julia, and then throwing her arms round his neck, "Oh, you sweetest, sweetest boy, how happy we shall be!"

"But," said the boy thoughtfully, "where shall we pass our morning? Not here, of course. We can be seen from all the windows."

"And not indoors either, with the chance of being discovered by the servants," added Julia.

"No," said the boy, "I'll tell you where it shall be. You know that large old hollow oak in the glen at the southern end of the park, where the under-wood is so entangled, and where nobody ever goes since the earl died. I don't know why, but so it is, and there we can enjoy ourselves in private," and he gave the little girl a loving kiss.

I had learnt all I wanted to know, and hastened back to the house. The children seeing me get into the chaise, ran up.

"Good bye for the present, my dears," said I, "do not get into mischief. I shall be back to dinner, ta-ta!" and I shook my hand; the mettlesome ponies dashed rapidly down the avenue, and the children, after watching the chaise till a winding in the drive hid it from their view, turned into the house. I still watched the entrance through the trees, but

soon lost sight of it, and in another minute had passed the park gates. I drove myself, and had not taken the groom with me, so that once out of the demesne, I went direct for the point where I knew they would soon arrive.

The country all round the park was very wild and well wooded, so that I had no difficulty in finding a coppice wherein to conceal the pony chaise. I turned off the road, and making the reins fast to the branch of an oak, left the animals to graze, while I examined the park palings for an opening through which I could squeeze myself. At length I came to a spot where two or three of the planks had been torn down, and entering through the aperture, had just time to conceal myself in a thick bush, when my young lovers appeared. With their arms around each other's waists, they approached the old oak, and entering the hollow bark, seated themselves side by side on the mossy turf, with which this natural chamber was carpeted.

"This is bliss indeed!" cried the boy, as with one hand up Julia's clothes, he kissed her eyes, her mouth, and her neck. "Oh, happy hour!" Then he unfastened his breeches, and behold, out sprang, not the funny little thing I expected to see, but a full grown, stiff, and erect prick of noble proportions.

This little fellow, this child of twelve, with his innocent girlish face, had all the essential attributes of the most stalwart manhood!

No sooner did Julia see this noble staff than she jumped up, and caressing it with rapture, she at length took it between her rosy lips. While he, excited to the highest pitch of ecstasy, tossed up

her clothes, and making her straddle over him, so that he could have a full view of all her charms, gamahued her likewise.

I never saw in all my life but one girl who could compare with this pretty creature in exquisite contour and symmetry, and that was the little Chloe. Imagine, my dear Phoebe, a little firm, rosy dimpled bottom, meandering downwards into the plumppest and finest moulded thighs in the world. Imagine a pouting, rosy, hairless cunny, most delicious ancle and tiny foot! and you may form some very slight notion of the perfections of the sweet girl.

They continued to divert themselves in this manner for at least a quarter of an hour; but at length Evelyn, for that was the name of the boy, declared he could stand it no longer, and rising up, he laid the little dear on her back, and assisted by her beautiful hands, began to force his great cock into its rosy nest. And this, to my surprise, was no such very difficult matter, the opening, as it appeared, had been well stretched by the same rampant champion before, and now well lubricated, not only by her spendings, but by saliva from his lascivious mouth — welcomed her old acquaintance, and seemed to suck him in until the whole length of that enormous yard disappeared in her body.

I now had a complete back view of his person. The lovely boy's breeches were down to his knees, and his thighs and charming white hemi-spheres were fully presented to my gaze. He was formed perfectly like a young girl in every respect, no harsh muscular development was visible — nothing but smooth, shining, white flesh, met the view.

A waist of singular smallness and roundness, bulging hips and posteriors which any woman might envy. And then the two dimples on either side of the loins, how deep they were! How luscious! Perfect Cupid's honey-cups! And then his thighs, how rounded, mottled with health and youth; how glowing! how altogether delectable!

No frowsy hair disfigured the valley between those white hills, those globes of snow! Nor was there a vestige of it on his mons in front. With the exception of the extraordinary development of his prick, he bore in every part of him the delicate softness of a child.

Strange freak of nature to grant him this precocity!

Nothing could be more sublime than their fucking; now fast and furious, fainter now and slow; while sighs welled up from the heart's depths, and tears of joy gushed from the fringed lids of their beauteous eyes, while amorous pinches, touches, bites, and slapping, diversified the joys of delirious love. As for me, I must candidly confess that, wrought up to frenzy by the scene, I stole my hand to a certain place, and endeavoured to allay my desires as best I could. At length, amidst a thousand expressions of rapture, fondness, and unbounded love, they died away in bliss.

But he never drew out; in five minutes the whole scene was enacted over again, and this time lasted rather longer. At length, when it was over, these young creatures sat down side by side, their arms around each others necks. Then it was that I made another discovery, which filled me with almost as much astonishment as the first. That weapon,

which when erect was of such extraordinarily fine proportions, in its quiescent state shrank up into the ordinary size of any other little boys cock. Nor was there any wrinkling of the skin. It was a neat, compact little capsicum, with the foreskin well drawn over it's saucy head. So that unless excited, no person, not even my experienced cousin Lady B. who, as you know, has had her gay days, could possibly imagine or believe of what that innocent little affair was capable.

While I was pondering all these things in my mind, the saucy Julia took it in her hand, and lo! presto! out it shot like a snail from his shell; or rather, to give you a noble simile, like a roaring lion from his lair; and, like Lord Lovel's briar, it grew, and it grew, till it could grow no higher. Bang! bang! up it bounced against his smooth white belly, and lo! the little man was again ready for action.

He perfectly understood his business, the sly rogue, for making her kneel up, he now had her en levrette, spinning out his pleasure, ever and anon stopping for awhile, then going on again.

He was so long, indeed, that I looked at my watch, and seeing it was near turned of twelve o'clock, I crept from my hiding place, and regaining the pony chaise, I turned it into the road, and handling the whip with vigour, in twenty minutes I found myself at the Nettletop's mansion.

Most luckily, they were gone out, so leaving a card, I drove off at speed until within a mile of Roundwood Park, when I allowed the ponies to breathe and approached the gates at a leisurely pace.

As I drove up the avenue, I gazed up at the house with curious eyes, wondering if my young culprits would come out to meet me.

"Oh, there they are, I declare," I exclaimed, as I saw them advance under the portico with the most perfect sang froid in the world, looking as innocent and lovely as two angels.

Sweet creatures! dear intriguing lambs! who would not have admired such duplicity? I must confess they rose immeasurably in my estimation.

"I must enjoy that boy; I must have that girl to gamahuche me!" I murmured to myself, as I drove over the last hundred yards of gravel. And you know, Phebe, that when I make a resolution, I never fail to keep it. The ponies were covered with sweat, and John, who held their heads while I alighted, looked rather glum at the work I had made for him.

"Your ponies do not have enough exercise, John," said I, "see what a foam they are in with a short drive. Give them more work, man!"

"Well, my lady," said John, ruefully, "they are mucked about a bit, that's sarten; but ladies be so mighty heavy with the whip."

"Well, well, John, never mind," said I, laughing; "here, take this crown and drink my health."

The crown smoothed down the ruffled bristles of honest John, and jumping into the chaise, he drove off to the stables.

Now it chanced that the bed room I occupied was next to that in which reposed the beauteous Julia — the fireplace of my apartment backing the fireplace of hers. The architect of the house being,

good worthy man, of an economical turn, had contrived in the double recess — that is to say, the recess on the left hand side, formed by my fireplace and the counterpart on hers — a bath room; ingress to which was given by a door in my chamber, and a corresponding door in her's with bolts inside.

Thus, this one bath room could be used by the tenant of either room, only if both chambers had occupants, it was necessary that they should either bathe together, or agree to take the bath at different times. This bath room was lighted by a window placed rather high up.

Having made up my mind how to act, and of course never breathing a word to Lady B. on her return home of what I had seen, I was on the watch early the next morning, listening for the splashing which announced that little Julia was performing her ablutions. About seven of the clock I heard the bath room door on her side open gently, and soon the splashing began. I crept out of bed, and stealing to the opposite door, tried to open it. The little puss had made all fast.

"Undo the bolt, Julia, my love," said I, in a subdued voice; "I am going out early this morning and cannot wait to take my bath at the usual hour, so let me come and share it with you."

"Y-e-yes, my lady! I. — I — I will open the door directly," ejaculated Julia from within, and apparently in much alarm and confusion. I waited and listened; the window, by the sound, was opened, then I heard a scrambling noise in the grape vine on the wall, and peeping out through my window blinds, I was just in time to see Master Evelyn landed after his perilous descent. The bolt began to

move, and I sprang back to the bath room door. It opened, and Julia stood before me, her middle wrapped round with her chemise.

"I did not like to come till I had put something round me," said the innocent (?), blushing prodigiously. "You know, my dear Lady Gower, I have not known you long, and I felt ashamed that you should see me quite naked."

"Silly child!" I exclaimed, laughing; "what is there so terrible in me, one of your own sex, that you should feel ashamed?"

She hung down her head.

"Look," said I, "I am not ashamed," and I drew my night gown over my head. As I did so I became aware that she regarded with astonishment the curly ornament which sprouted on my mons veneris. She could not take her eyes off it.

"Ah, ha! I see you are surprised at these curls," said I, playfully patting her cheek; "when you are a woman, you will have the same ornament, my dear."

"You don't say so, my lady?"

"Oh, but it is true."

"How very odd!"

"Not at all; 'tis you who are odd to doubt it."

"Really!"

"It is a fact."

By this time I had laid myself down in the water, and with gentle force had pulled off the chemise of the little girl. After caressing her for some time, I said.

"Do you know, my love, you are a very beautiful little creature? Ah! you will make the men's hearts ache some day."

She opened wide her beautiful eyes, and looked at me with a most charming affectation of innocence and wonder — as if she could not possibly understand what I meant.

"Come, come, Julia," I exclaimed, as having got out of the bath we were rubbing each other down with the towels, "do not think to deceive me, you know what love is very well, for all the demure looks you put on, and young as you are."

"My lady!" ejaculated Julia, turning as pale as death.

"You are deeply in love with that boy, Evelyn."

"Madam!"

"Oh, I know all about it, now tell me if I go wrong, but listen; yesterday you passed upwards of two hours with him in the hollow oak. He embraced you as ardent lovers only know how, three times. He is a precocious boy, and has all the attributes of manhood. Am I correct, my dear? is this not all true?"

Julia, pale as a statue, eyed me from head to foot with an expression of the utmost terror.

"Moreover," I went on, "your lover has been with you this morning, perhaps was with you all night, and escaped by the window when I tried the bath room door; is it not so?"

The poor child sank on her knees.

"Is not all this true?" I repeated.

"Ah! yes, yes; it is true, dear Lady Gower, how you could find it out I cannot tell; but oh, you will not be so cruel as to tell my lady!"

"Nonsense, my dear child," I cried, laughing, "do not suppose I am such a fool as to do that; but then, as I know your secret, you must do something to oblige me."

"Anything, dear Lady Gower, everything that is in my power I will do; you have only to command."

"First of all, then, my little pet, come and give me a kiss." She sprang into my arms, naked as we were, and we sat down on the bed.

"Ah! my dear Julia, I cannot express to you how delighted I was with the oak scene. Your lover is indeed a fine fellow. Heigh ho! I wish I had such a one."

"You, my lady?"

"Yes, I myself."

"Do persons of quality then indulge in intrigues?"

"Indeed they do, my dear; and are as fond of the thing as other people."

"Really! I had no idea of it."

"To prove to you that they are, I will show you how women play together."

I had all this time been playing with her tiny pointed breasts, and smoothing her polished limbs and bottom. I now slipped my finger into her pouting cunny, and putting her hand upon my brush, I thrust my tongue into her mouth, and entwined my limbs around her girlish figure. She looked very much surprised, but seemed intuitively to fall into my wishes; first she began to comb the dark hair on my mons veneris with her fingers, then her hand slid further down, she grasped and squeezed the lips, then, after exploring all round, she finished by thrusting up her finger, and frigging me in good earnest. Meanwhile, I was also manipulating her, and with such success, that she soon began to spend. Then I threw myself back on the bed, and making her straddle over me in a reverse position, I

gamahuched her with fury, while she performed the same delicious office for me. After we had thus kissed, frigged, gamahuched, and played for near an hour, we proceeded to dress ourselves.

"Now, my dear child," said I, "mind you are to look upon me as a friend and ally. Only there is one condition I must stipulate for—you must share Evelyn with me. But you need not say anything to him at present, I wish to have him in my own way."

Poor little Julia did not appear to relish this part of the stipulation very much. She saw before her a beautiful woman in the prime of life, and no doubt well skilled in the art of pleasing, and her poor little heart fluttered lest I should alienate her lover from her less ripe charms. I had, however, no intention of doing this.

The next day I took little Evelyn out for a walk with me. Whenever we came to a stile, I took care to let him have a good peep at my legs, while appearing most careful to conceal them. I saw his eyes flash each time he caught a glimpse, and something in his breeches bulged out enormously.

Having reached a very retired, lonely, rustic dell and seated myself on the grass, "Oh, dear, how hot I am!" said I, fanning myself, and pretending to put down my clothes, but in reality so arranging them as I drew up my knees, that the boy could see my thighs and all I had good between them.

"Why, Evey dear, how silly of you to stuff such great apples into your breeches pockets (and I laid my hand on the place); you will spoil the set of them."

Evelyn blushed up to his eyes.

"Come, give me one of your apples, or pears, or whatever they are, for I am thirsty," and before he could prevent me, I thrust my hand into his pocket. "Oh, dear," said I, "it is empty; let me feel the other side."

But Evelyn declared he had nothing in the other pocket either, and that, as for the bunch, it was nothing but his shirt, which had got twisted up.

Nay, said I, laughing, "if that is all I'll soon make it comfortable for you."

And opening his flap before he could prevent me, I had hold of his essentials in an instant.

"All rucked up, is'nt it, dear?" said I, frigging and feeling his noble prick, and casting upon him the most killing glances, full of desire.

"You sly little rogue you! Why, you are quite a man, I declare."

The boy looked shy and awkward, and blushing furiously, said never a word.

"Oh, you darling boy, I must have you, that I must!" I exclaimed, covering him with kisses, which he quickly returned; then opening wide my thighs, I drew him towards me. His noble steed entered the portal, and joy unutterable took possession of my frame. I threw first one leg, then the other, across his loins. I smacked his beauteous bottom, I tickled and frigged it, I licked his face, and put my tongue in his mouth; I played with his balls, I hugged him, I bounded, I was mad with delight.

As for the boy, he made much the same demonstrations. My experienced fucking was something quite new to him. He declared I drew his cock out quite another inch.

When all was over, I coolly asked him which was the best playfellow at that game, Julia or myself ? "

The boy started, and turned very pale.

What ! — what do you know about Julia ? " he asked.

I repeated to him all I had told his little sweetheart.

" But how can you know all that, Lady Gower, who told you ? "

" Oh, nobody told me. "

" Then how could you find it out ? "

" Pardieu ! I knew it. "

" It is very extraordinary, " said the boy.

" Not at all ; I saw you both myself. "

" You, my lady ! "

" I myself. I was hid in that dense copse near the tree, and saw everything. "

" Then you never went to the Nettletops after all ? "

" Oh, but I did, though. "

" But you could not be in two places at once. "

" Go to, silly boy ! said I, laughing and kissing him ; " you need not mind me ; I shall never tell ; and besides I shall be pleased to bring you and Julia together, and if you please you shall meet every night in my room, and we will all three play together. I know your aunty does not let you have any wine, or fruit, or nice things ; come and see me at night, and you shall have as much as you please—you and Julia. "

" Oh, that will be capital ! " cried the boy, flinging his arms around me, and kissing me with rapture.

He would have embraced me again, but fearing

some one might come, I rose from the grass, and promising him as much bliss as he had strength to enjoy, I took his hand, and we returned to the house.

I cannot express to you, my dear Phoebe, how impatient I was for night ; for none of the gallants of former days, not even poor old Sir Charles himself, had ever given me half the pleasure I had experienced with this lad.

It was arranged that he should come through the bath room window, instead of by the door, for his bed chamber being situated in another wing of the mansion, would have obliged him to traverse too many corridors and staircases to be quite prudent in a house so full of prying domestics.

The children always went to bed at nine, and at ten I also took my chamber candle.

I had not been five minutes in my room, when two gentle taps at the bath room door apprised me that my little friends were waiting ; so, first having admitted them, I made haste to throw off my clothes, while they regaled themselves on the wine and fruit.

" Now, my dears, " said I, as I fastened the door, " let us arrange our programme ; but first let me ask you both, have you locked your chamber doors, to prevent any one discovering you are not in your rooms ? "

They both replied in the affirmative, and added that they also had got into their beds, to make it appear as if they had been slept in.

" That is very well, " said I, " now for the programme. "

SCENE I.

" Having stripped yourselves quite naked, you,

Julia, will lie on the bed, while you, Evelyn, will fuck her in that position. I shall sit down in this arm chair, to see the performance. "

SCENE II.

Julia will kneel upon all fours on the bed; I shall kneel behind her and frig her with my clitoris, while Evelyn kneels behind and fucks me.

SCENE III.

After sponging ourselves, we shall commence the gamahuche in this fashion. I will extend myself on the bed, Evelyn will straddle over me, presenting his posterior charms, and you, Julia, will also get over me a little lower down and gamahuche me, while Evelyn does the same for you.

SCENE IV.

We will all get into bed together, and frig, toy and play till we are sleepy, when you will both say good night, and return to your rooms.

This being the programme, we at once commenced. Julia, extended on her back, spread out her lovely limbs, displaying to advantage all her front beauties; Evelyn mounted, and was into her in a trice; while I, seated in the elbow chair, with a foot on either corner of the bed, surveyed the enchanting prospect.

I had the most distinct view of all the most secret beauties of the lovely boy, and watched with delight, his great wiry, red-headed staff, now drawn nearly out of little Julia's rosy, budding cunny, now thrust home again. At every thrust, those white globes of his trembled with their own volup-

tuous plumpness, and his noble balls struck her pretty little bottom with a loud smack at every push; her legs, now raised high in air, now squeezed over his loins, kept excellent time to every lunge, while kisses, love-bites, and every imaginable titillation enhanced the lascivious beauty of the scene.

While these lovers disported themselves, I amused myself with my finger, toying with myself in the most wanton manner; then I would lean forward, and feel that great prick, as it glided in and out; then I would play with his balls, and press my great breasts against his bottom, all which appeared to give him great pleasure. At last their climax came, and ended scene one.

As soon as they had recovered themselves a little, Julia jumped up, and giving me a loving kiss, placed herself on all fours. My clitoris, which was very stiff and thick as my thumb, protruded out at least three inches. I got behind her, and grasping those lovely hips, drove at the little rose bud, just visible between the cheeks of her exquisitely formed little bum.

Evelyn now got behind me, and grasping my bubbles, drove his stalwart cock into my cunny; at every thrust he gave, his belly went bang, bang, against my buttocks, causing them to quiver and resound again with the strokes; then he would lay himself along my white back, and kiss my shoulders with unction.

It was a most fucktious scene, and was prolonged for some time, till Julia (whose cunny I had been frigging with my hand) exclaimed,

" Ah-ah ! I'm coming ! Oh, delightful bliss ! A-a-

ah! I-o-y! Oh-oh! ur-r-r! " and her head drooped on the pillow, while I withdrew my hand, drenched with the venusian dew.

Almost at the same moment Evelyn, who had been thrusting with great rapidity, also began to give tongue.

" Oh, my darling lady! U-r-r! sweet creature, this is bl-bl-i-ss, bliss in-deed! Hah! "

He spent into me a warm, comforting summer shower.

My own climax just then meeting his, we spent together, and I, falling forward on the beauteous form of Julia, lay entranced — transported into the seventh heaven! Scintillations of light danced before my eyes; I seemed to be in a beautiful garden, abounding with the loveliest and most fragrant flowers. Luscious fruit hung from the trees on every side, and living pricks with gorgeous wings fluttered from branch to branch, ever and anon alighting upon some lovely garden nymph, and sacrificing to the god of love; calling to mind the celebrated picture of the " Love Birds " by Kaulback.

This beautiful vision so entrallied me that I lay still for some minutes. It was an ecstasy — it was peep into Paradise! never shall I forget that blissful swoon. What a wonderful thing is sensual delight! All the graces and the gods preside over it.

We now went into the bath and refreshed ourselves, for the crowning joys of the gamahuche. How rosy, how blooming we all looked when we emerged from the cool fresh water!

We were all three melting with voluptuous sen-

sations, and I flung myself back on the bed, with an abandon that was ready for anything.

Soon I felt the delicious flesh of the beauteous boy over my face; his lovely cock, hard and white as an ivory ruler, was before me; I seized on its carmine head with my lips, I nestled my face between those ravishing hills of animated snow. I opened wide my thighs, and soon felt the nimble little tongue of the sweet Julia, rolling round my clitoris and nymphæ like lambent fire.

Nor was Evelyn idle, for taking her little cunny in his mouth, he so sucked and gamahuched her, that the sweet creature ground her teeth with the pleasure, so that I really feared she would bite me. " But one cannot be perfectly happy in this world, " as poor Sir Charles was wont to say, for in a short quarter of an hour our climax came. Evelyn spent in my mouth, Julia on his tongue, and I on hers! — and here ended scene the third.

We now got into bed, hugging and kissing each other. I was playing with Evelyn's now reduced and miniature prick, when suddenly a thought seemed to strike him, and it grew rapidly in my hand.

" What is it, my dearest boy? " said I.

He placed his lips close to my ear, and whispered that, " he should like to fuck my breasts. "

No sooner said than done. I squeezed them together, he got over me, and inserting his yard between them, commenced moving backwards and forwards for some minutes, Julia tickling him behind, when suddenly, jet! jet! out shot his juice and deluged my neck all over!

This was the finish, and all of us feeling much fatigued with our sports, Julia went to bed, Evelyn

made his exit by the window, and I, after a good ablution, put on a clean bedgown and retired to rest, just as the stable clock chimed the hour of midnight.

But this letter has been much too long for your patience, my dear Phœbe, so adieu.

Your loving friend,

LESBIA.

LETTER VI.

In which the story of the *Lusus Naturæ* is concluded, showing how a Saint, being tempted of the Devil (in the form of an Angel of Light) became a sinner.

FROM LADY LESBIA GOWER TO PHŒBE.

Since I penned my last billet, my dear Phœbe, the Devil has made a fine conversion in this place.

For more than a fortnight, I nightly entertained my young visitors, no one in the house, save us three, having the slightest idea of what was going on.

At length one unlucky morning, just as Master Evelyn was coming down by the grape vine, about five in the morning, who should see him but the gardener. (I must tell you, though, that we had passed a most delicious night, but had unfortunately all fallen asleep in each other's arms, and did not wake till that hour).

To resume. The gardener saw him. Now this

fellow — a green eyed, red-headed Scotchman, was jealous of his fruit. Starched Presbyterian was written in every line of his wizened visage, and he was ill-natured as he was ugly. "Very well, Master Evelyn," cried he, "very well, sir! I'll take care my leddy is made to ken o' your doings; getting up at peep o'day to steal the grapes. A'weel! A'weel! its an awfu' sinful world!"

The boy only laughed at this tirade, and snapping his fingers in the face of Mr Macdoodle, ran away.

My cousin, Lady B, appeared awfully solemn when she entered the breakfast room, and gravely saluting Julia and myself, never noticed poor Evelyn. She read prayers with a deeper conventional twang than usual, and as soon as they were over, and the servants retired, the storm burst forth.

"I am excessively annoyed and displeased with you, Evelyn," the good lady began; "I hoped that the deeply religious training you had undergone in this house, would have produced better fruits. What! you, who I am bringing up to be a gentleman, demean yourself by being a thief! Fie! I am ashamed of you. To get up at five in the morning and like a stable boy, to climb my grape vine, at the peril of your life, to steal my grapes! Naughty, naughty boy! What do you think, sir, will become of your soul? There!" "continued my cousin, getting herself up, "never look at me in that smiling manner. I will give you something to laugh for, I promise you!"

Here I ventured to intercede for my favorite. I told her he was young, that after all, it was a boy's frolic, and that it was more for the fun of the

thing than for the grapes, as they were not near ripe yet.

But all would not do; he must be flogged, she said, and that it might be well done, she would do it herself.

The meal over, she led the poor boy to a room at the top of the house, and seeing that I and Julia were about to accompany her, she stopped us. "As for you, Julia, I am surprised that you should think of coming. It would be highly improper for a young lady of your age to see a naked boy, but you, cousin, can help me to hold his legs, so do you come if you please."

As soon as we reached the attic, Lady B. made Evelyn lean across an old table, and fastening his hands to the legs of it, undid his breeches and pulled them down to his ankles; then begging of me to hold his legs fast, which I did with much regret, she drew a formidable birch from a closet, and, after another jobation on the heinousness of his offence, commenced laying on without mercy.

At first the poor lad roared out most lustily, but after the first dozen cuts he became quiet, and turning his head round to me, on the opposite side from where Lady B. was standing, I saw the rogue was laughing. His innocent little cock began to swell, and soon stood out in its noblest proportions. I saw my cousin glance at it, first with a look of amazement, then of visible pleasure; she turned red and pale by turns, then relaxed her blows, and finally stopped altogether.

"Thank you, cousin," said she, "do not let me detain you longer, besides, I want to talk privately to this bad boy. I shall be down stairs soon."

I shut the door behind me and went down the first flight of stairs with some noise, then slipping off my shoes, I ran up again, taking two steps at a time. When I peeped through the key-hole I observed Lady B. had untied Evelyn's hands, and was sitting in a chair with the boy in her lap; one arm was round his waist, while the other grasped — could I believe my eyes — yes, grasped his stiff cock!

"I am sorry, my dear boy," she was saying, "I am sorry I hit you so hard, but you will not do so any more, will you?" (Chafing his prick.)

"No aunty, indeed I won't," answered the boy demurely.

"And how long is it, my dear, since your little thing took to swelling in this extraordinary manner?"

"Ever since I was seven years old," answered Evelyn; "a nursery maid my mother had used to sleep with me and play with it every night, and so it began to grow, until it gets sometimes as big as you see."

"Extraordinary!" cried Lady B., trembling all over, "and what else used the naughty nursemaid to do?"

"Why, she used to throw me on her belly, and put it into the place between her legs."

"And you liked that, I suppose?"

"Oh, yes; very much indeed," said the little rogue, with an arch smile. I saw the saint was thawing fast, and was exceedingly amused.

"Suppose I was to let you do that to me," hoarsely whispered the salacious woman, squeezing her legs together, "should you like it?"

" Oh, dear aunty, of all things, " laughed the boy.

" Well, then, so we will, my darling; but mind, you must not tell. "

" I tell! oh, never! never! "

Then my cousin drew up her clothes, raising her knees and opening her thighs, showed me once more that beautiful cunt, with its fringe of soft black hair, and guiding him in, they were soon bounding and heaving with all the fervour of love. Thrice did she make him repeat the dose 'ere she was satiated; and then, and not till then, did she allow him to fasten up his small clothes.

" Now Evelyn, " said she, you have only to be prudent and cautious, and come and see me sometimes in my bed room at night, and your fortune's made; in future you shall do just as you like. You shall have a pony to ride and plenty of money, fruit, wine, and anything you please. The horrid gardener I will send away, and you shall be perfectly happy. I thought, " said the frail woman, passing her hand across her heated brow, " that these passions were extinguished in me for ever, but God's will be done (!). I see I am only a sinner after all, when I thought myself a saint! "

" All right, aunty, " and we shall go up to town, and go to the opera, and the play, and I shall have an embroidered suit, and plumed hat and sword, shan't I, aunty? "

" Bless the boy, how he does run on, " cried Lady B., opening her eyes. " But, come, we must not stop here any longer. One kiss. "

I ran down stairs, and picking up my shoes, retreated to my room. Here I found Julia in tears and

very unhappy, but locking the door I quickly reassured her, by relating all I had seen and heard, to her inexpressible surprise.

" The fact is, my dear Julia, " said I laughing. " I knew your aunty, as you may suppose, being her cousin, many years ago, when she was quite young, long before her late fit of piety seized her, and I assure you, no girl ever relished an intrigue more. I should think at least fifty gallants had her at different times, prior to her marriage with the old earl, whose title she now bears. But after her marriage she became all at once very correct and pious. But that which is bred in the blood cannot long be kept down by the spirit. So the saint is become a sinner again, as I have just seen and heard. "

" I only hope, " cried Julia, " that she won't engross Evelyn all to herself. "

" Oh, never fear, " I answered laughing, " 'tis a lad of spirit, and having her in his power, he will take care she does not baulk him in his other little affairs of love, you may depend. "

" Then you think this is rather a fortunate occurrence? "

" That I do, indeed, " said I. " But, my dear little girl, do pray gamahuche me a little, I am so excited with what I have seen, that I can hardly endure myself. "

Just at the height of titillation we heard a rapping. Julia jumped off me and hid under the bed, while I opened the door. It was Evelyn, radiant with joy. A triumphant fire shot from his beautiful eyes, and he shook back his clustering chesnut hair like a conqueror.

" I congratulate you, Evelyn, " said I.

"How! you congratulate me?"

"Ma foi! yes. You played your part to perfection."

"Played my part!" said the cunning fox, "what? how? I don't understand."

"The deuce! the boy is fidelity itself," and I laughed heartily.

"Then the dence take me if I know what your ladyship means."

"Nonsense, Evelyn, I was looking through the key-hole."

"Whew!" exclaimed the young rascal, making a droll face. "You were peeping, Lady Gower, were you? then I have done."

The dear boy caught me in his arms; and kissed me, while little Julia, looking rather jealous, put up her pretty face for one also.

My cousin, after this adventure, gradually returned to her old jovial life; drawing off from her sanctified friends one by one, she at length got rid of them all. But it became evident to her that she must also purge her house of all her serious servants, for there seemed a mutiny brewing, in consequence of the altered state of things. No prayers, or prayer meetings, but lots of fiddling, fêtes champêtres, and frolic. I therefore proposed to her to return my visit, by coming back with me to London.

"You know, my dear Thalia," said I, "my house in Cavendish square is large enough to hold you all. I am like you, a widow, with no one to control my actions, and we shall be free to enjoy ourselves and live over again with these young creatures, the voluptuous sort of life we both en-

joyed before matrimony cast over us the veil of starched propriety."

"But my dear Lesbia, how about my thirteen servants here?"

"Well, if you take my advice, cousin, you will shut this musty old place, with its clock towers, gables, and gloomy mullioned windows, dreary corridors, etc.; shut it up, my dear Thalia; place old John and his wife in charge on board wages, pay up the others, with a month's wage over and above, and send them about their business."

"How you do rattle on, Lesbia! I declare you are the same madcap you ever were. What you say, however, is all vastly fine, but you forget I have let my town house for a term of years, and when my visit to you is over, where am I to go?"

"Stuff!" said I, "visit over indeed! Why of course stay with me altogether, and we'll take the children to the play, and to Ranelagh, we'll have routs and balls, and be very merry and happy."

"Oh, very well, dear, as you please," said my cousin.

So, my dear Phœbe, here we all are at my house in Cavendish square.

Evelyn and Julia are charmed with the change. The spacious suites of apartments, furnished en Louis XV, the sumptuous hangings, the marble hall and staircase, the splendid laced liveries of the well powdered lacqueys, and my sedan chair, lined with rose satin, to say nothing of my coach and six, as almost turned their heads, besides the great lords and persons of quality who are calling here every day, to pay their respects.

But all this will not much interest you, my

Phœbe. You, who like best a good practical fucking episode — have at you then.

Four chambers, each opening into the other by means of a sliding panel, constitute our sleeping apartments, and thus we can receive or visit each other whenever we like, and yet the servants be perfectly ignorant of what is going on.

Thus, in one or other of these rooms, are enacted frequently the most voluptuous scenes.

Sometimes we form the position called "the pyramid." My cousin and I both kneel naked on the foot of the bed; Julia mounts us with a knee upon each of our backs, and a hand upon each of our shoulders. Then Evelyn, standing naked on a chair, describes a triangle, the apex whereof is Julia's cunny, into which he pokes his prick for awhile, then lowering it, gives Thalia a few thrusts, and afterwards gives me the like satisfaction. This is good fun, and the game of "one, two, three," as we call it, often lasts half an hour.

At other times we throw a dark green coverlid over the bed, and all three, stark naked, lie thereon in the most tempting attitudes. This in our allegorical language, we call, "the garden," the velvet coverlid is the lawn, and we are the flowers, while Evelyn, in his character of "the bee," flies from one cunny to the other sipping with his tongue the sweets. "The garden" terminates with a regular fucking and gamahuching match, in which all take part.

At other times we divert ourselves with a masquerade, each person dressing in their own rooms.

As soon as, by a preconcerted signal, we know that all have finished their several toilets, we mas-

ourselves, put out all the lights, and feel our way to the room selected for that evening. So soon as all are assembled, a light is brought, and fifty wax candles soon shed their lustre on the scene. Let me describe it to you.

First, there is a gay gallant attired in a rich Pompadour suit, diamond hilted sword, bag, and solitaire. His plumed hat under his arm, and his jewelled hand on hip, the beau ideal of one of the young bloods (1) on town. This gallant is myself.

Next there is an elderly stout gentleman attired in black, with shovel hat, like a village parson. This personage is my cousin, Lady B.

Close by is a blooming girl, with spotted gown, scarlet boddice, short petticoats, hobnailed shoes, broad brimmed straw hat, and chesnut curls down her back. This lovely lass is Evelyn.

Next is a charming shepherd boy, with pipe and crook, a la Watteau.

These were the dramatis personæ, all being masked, and none of us knowing, except from conjecture, who the other was. Herein lay the sport.

To make the transformation the more complete, each of the male characters was furnished with a dildo, the gallant and the parson with big ones, the little shepherd boy with one of smaller dimensions, so that the country girl stood a poor chance.

All being ready, the gallant made his approaches to the country lass.

The parson tackled the shepherd, and the fun commenced.

(1) Swell rakes

"Pon honour, " began the gallant, " you are a vastly pretty creature, my dear, and have the finest face I ever saw, damme! How old are ye my dear? "

"Seventeen years and a quarter come Martinmas, an't please ye, sir, " replied the girl, dropping a curtsy.

"And you've some pretty little bubs here, I'll warrant, " cried the gallant, thrusting his hand into her breast.

"Oh, la! fie Sir! doant, doant! "

"Yes, but I must and will, damme! Don't think I'm to be put off that way! " and he thrust his hand up her clothes.

"Oh lord! marcy! what are you arter? Oh my! now you've been and pulled all my clothes up behind. Well, I never! what is that? what is that? " for the gallant had displayed his prick (otherwise dildoe) and was thrusting it in the rear of the country girl.

While this scene was enacting between these two, the parson became very loving with the shepherd boy, caressing him in a manner not at all clerical. At length unbuttoning his flap, he let out an enormous cock (dildoe again) and letting down the boy's breeches, menaced him in a manner truly alarming; then passing his hand in front, he began to toy with a stiff little affair (i. e. dildoe No 3) as he shot in behind.

Meanwhile the country girl (Evelyn) and the gallant (myself), not finding much satisfaction in the attitude they had taken up, shifted it. The country lass lay on the bed, I dropped off dildoe, his long,

erect prick entered me, and a fuck long and rapturous ensued.

A double dildoe also enabled the parson (lady B), and the shepherd boy (Julia) to gratify their mutual inclinations, and yet maintain the delusion of the masque.

At length, as the clock chimed twelve, the masks were flung aside, and each recognised their companion.

"Well, I declare, " exclaimed Evelyn, " I really thought you were aunty. "

"And I, " cried Julia, " imagined that in his reverence I had recognised dear Lady Gower! See how one may be deceived. "

Then we sat down to a delicious collation, and whiled away an hour at quadrille, or lasquenette; both games you used to like, dear Phoebe.

Then we had a few songs, accompanied by the lute, and after that to bed. Another amusement is the bath, and my house contains a large one, worthy the name, in which twenty people could all bathe at once commodiously.

This bath, which is entirely of marble, was constructed for me by an Italian architect. It is circular, and the exact model of a small temple of Venus at Nola. It is in the Cornithian style, and lighted from the centre of the dome by an œil de bœuf.

All round the piscina in the centre of the chamber, is a platform for the accommodation of the bathers, and marble statues representing water nymphs the size of life, and the marble slightly tinted resembles life; so that when we were all splashing about in the water, if a stranger had entered, he

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would have taken those reclining statues for some of our party, so life-like did they appear.

There are many worse things than a fuck in the water. I have, as a child, often watched the ducks at this fun, and most amusing it was. I little thought then that I should ever be « duck fucked, » as we call it.

We swim about in all directions, imitating ducks. — « Quack, quack ! » Then follows the old drake, repeating the cry, and presently jumps upon one of us (the drake of course being Evelyn), then the duck attacked, dives, and the stiff tool of Mr. Drake is foiled for that turn.

You have no idea of the excitement and fun of this game, only it is necessary that both the men and women who play at it should be good swimmers, as there is no sport at all unless the water is at least seven feet deep.

Many a hot summer's afternoon have I passed at this game, since my cousin and her proteges came up to town, and believe me there are few things like it.

Here we are, then, a united happy family, and here I hope my fair guests may long remain.

The two children — who are of course, dressed in the extremity of the mode — really appear most bewitching. They are made so much of by my friends and acquaintances, that I almost fear they will become conceited and spoiled.

But I think I have now told you all I have to tell, so adieu, my old friend.

Your own

LESBIA.

LETTER VII.

Containing a remarkable adventure that befel a sailor, fresh returned from sea.

CAPTAIN SHIVERMYTIMBERS TO PHŒBE.

My dear Phœbe,

You always were a tight craft, and a ticlar favorite of mine. I will, therefore, tell you an adventure I met with at Ranelagh the other night.

I had just been to splice the mainbrace at one of those alcoves where the lush is sold, and was moving off on a bowline, when a smart, saucy looking frigate, with all her pennants flying, bore down on my starboard quarter, and raising her bow-ports—which you landlubbers call eyelids—she fired two such well aimed shots at me from her bow chasers, that brought me up all standing.

« Ship ahoy ! » says she.

« Ahoy ! » says I.

« What ship's that ? » says she.

« The Tollyrouser ! » says I.

« Where are you bound ? » says she.

« To Cunnyport, » says I.

« Come on board, » says she.

« Aye, aye ! » says I.

So ranging up alongside, I doused my quid, and putting it in my pocket, I wiped my mouth with the back of my hand, and saluted the saucy frigate.

« Come, captain, » says she, « will you take me in tow ? »

" With the greatest pleasure in the world, " says I. " Hook on with your grappling irons, miss; " and I offered her my arm.

" The cockpit is all ready, " says she; " let's get out of the crowd and go under the trees, where there's not so much light. "

" Heave ahead! " says I, and we made for a dark shrubbery; but before leaving the blaze of the light from the lamps, I stole a good squint at the prize, and a prettier young girl I never saw in my life.

" Any shot in the locker, Jack? " says she.

" Lots my girl, " says I.

" Gold? " says she, again.

" Here you are, " says I, and slipped a guinea into her hand.

By this we had reached the coppice, and coming to a seat, she knelt upon it, and pulling up her duds, said laughing.

" All the sailors say I have the cleanest run, and finest counter they ever saw; so I always take up this position.

" Damn my eyes and limbs! " says I, 'all the positions are the same to me. "

And I ran out my jibboom, grasping her by the hips.

She had an arse as hard as a nine pound shot, and as soft as satin; and as she guided in my yard, my belly hit against her buttocks with a noise like the flapping of a seventy-four's maintopsail in a gale of wind.

I thought her wonderfully tight, but supposed she had not been long on town. Yet, after we had been poking some time, I thrust my hand round in front

been forty at least, that in a month she married him.

Then everything went to the devil. Captain Jackson would get drunk; Captain Jackson would eat the watch; Captain Jackson would bring strange whores into the house. He was in debt; creditors came there and dunned him. He was a bully, so the men of quality, who used to go there, gave the house up. He was a gamester, and soon squandered all Phoebe's money (except, indeed, her little annuity, which he did not know of).

As for Chloe, when she saw how matters were going, she came to me, and I managed to withdraw her share in the Bagnio, Phoebe purchasing both it and her share in the freehold, and Chloe retired with a fortune of £ 20,000 or more in Consols.

With Phoebe, things went on from bad to worse. Her house got an ill name. The Captain mortgaged the freehold, debts increased, the furniture was seized, and the house closed. A few days after this climax, her husband was carried to his lodgings in a dying condition, having been run through the lungs in a duel with a gentleman, whom he had insulted at a hell in St. James's the night before. This was indeed a happy release for poor Phoebe, who although ruined by her reckless husband, was soon set up in a new house by some of her old patrons, where Chloe was only too glad to rejoin her. Phoebe and Chloe are now the joint mistresses of the too celebrated White House in Soho, and some times honor me with their confidence, by asking my advice how to invest their rapidly increasing fortune; I am also the custodian of all their title deeds and curious correspondence, and it is their joint wish

that I should some day (when they have finally retired) bring out a short memoir of their famous establishment and enlighten the world as to the devilries and revelries there carried on.

I am, my dear Sir,

Your faithful servant,

REGINALD RANDALL.

Temple, 17th. August, 1742.
To Frederic Mosscock Esq,
Park Lane.

THE END.
